

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

GLORY to Him who bids the field
Its blessing to our toil to yield,
Who giveth much, who giveth more,
Till store and basket runneth o'er;
Thus, ere the golden skies grow dim,
Come, let us sing our Harvest hymn.

His finger on the land doth lay
Its beauty, stretching far away:
His breath doth fill the opal skies
With grandeur dread to mortal eyes;
He gives man harvest from the wild,
And drops the daisies for the child.

But oh, how shall we dare draw near?
Such power is veiled in mists of fear.
What can we be to One who fills
The awful silence of the hills,
Who knows the secrets of the sea,
The wild beasts in the forests free?

But, Lord, we know Thee otherwise —
A slighted man, with loving eyes,
Toiling along with weary feet
Such paths as these among the wheat:
Come from the light of Heaven's throne
To call no home on earth Thine own.

O Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil
To the poor measure of our toil,
For our few grey dank sowing days
The glow of August's evening blaze.
And what can we give for the pain
With which Thou sowed immortal grain?

Nothing — for all we have is Thine,
Who need'st not corn, nor oil, nor wine;
Nothing — unless Thou make us meet
To follow Thee through tares and wheat;
And from the storm of wrath and sin
To help Thee bring Thy harvest in.

Good Words.

"KNOCK, AND IT SHALL BE OPENED."

HER hand was on the golden gate,
She paused upon the golden stair.
A crouching form rose up: "Too late;
They sleep within the golden gate.
The hour is past. Beware!"

- "O fright me not!" in pain she cried.
"Within they sleep not day nor night!"
"And did they thus thy hope deride,"
The voice that frightened her replied,
"And mock thy piteous plight?"
- "O Christ!" she sighed, "I came this way
To see if still Thy heart was made
A shelter for the castaway!
My debt with tears I thought to pay."
"Too late," the voice beside her said.

But One across the threshold came,
At sight of whom the tempter fled.
And — "Fear me not, I am the same!"
And on his heart she read the name
That gave what she had forfeited!

Sunday Magazine.

DAWN.

THE robin wakes him from his early nest,
The lavrock mounts him in a sweet unrest,
And dawn grows brighter on the purple hills;
The dark woods point their summits with the
first

Cool flush of brilliance in the sunrise burst,
And morning voices prattle in the rills.

By land and flood the night and morning meet,
The sun goes glinting down the city street;
And be it by the breezy mountain side,
In quiet hamlet or on open down,
Or on the early smoke-wreaths of the town,
A newer dawn is ever opening wide.

So comes the sunrise on the waking earth,
So all things are unfolded in the birth
Of newer hopes and sorrows on the way;
The world moves on with ever strong increase,
And men and cities, or for strike or peace,
Reck only lightly of the yesterday.

And so the newer day shall grow and grow,
Onward and onward to the noontide glow,
Till grayly falls another gloaming soon,
Till once again, the halcyon voices gone —
Till once again, the toil and trouble done —
The wide world sleeps beneath the silent
moon.

And thus all things are dowered with decay,
And men fret on from weary day to day,
Still yearning ever to the harvest time;
And so the generations work and weep
For that sweet morn when on the last great
sleep,
Immortal dawn shall wake th' immortal
prime

Once a Week.

MOODS.

LORD, in Thy sky of blue
No stain of cloud appears,
Gone all my faithless fears,
Only thy love seems true!
Help me to thank Thee, then, I pray,
Walk in the light, and cheerfully obey!

Lord, when I look on high,
Clouds only meet my sight,
Fears deepen with the night —
Yet still it is Thy sky!
Help me to trust Thee, then, I pray,
Wait in the dark, and tearfully obey!

Sunday Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

A CENTURY OF GREAT POETS, FROM 1750
DOWNWARDS.

NO. II.—WALTER SCOTT.

THE name which we have just written is one which no Scotsman can pronounce or think of without a special movement of pride and pleasure—a gratification more tender, more familiar and homelike, than that even with which we bethink ourselves of Shakespeare, who is the greatest magician of all, the wizard whose magic is still more widely spreading and penetrating. Shakespeare is England's, Britain's—part of the inheritance of all who speak our language; but Scott belongs to us by a closer relationship. He has made us glad and proud in one tender, private corner of our heart, which does not open to the poet purely as a poet. There happens to be, as we write them, a special meaning in these words, but their truth is beyond times and seasons; it was as true twenty years ago as now, and will be as true as ever generations hence. A passing irritation, an affectionate anger even moves our minds that we should be supposed to feel more warmly towards him now than at any other moment. Walter Scott needs no celebrations, no feast held in his honour. Scotland herself is his monument. It is with no ephemeral enthusiasm that we regard a man whose thoughts have mixed themselves inextricably with our thoughts, whose words rise to our lips unawares, whose creations are our familiar friends, and who has thrown a glow of light and brightness over the scenes which are dearest to us. From Schiehallion to Criffel, from the soft coves and lochs of the west to the rugged eastern coast with all its rocks and storms, something of him is on every hillside and glen. We do not know any poet who has so identified himself with a country, so wrapped himself in its beauty, and enveloped it with his genius, as this greatest of our national writers has done for Scotland. His fervid patriotism (unlike as the two men are in every respect) is more like the Italianism of Dante than the milder nationality of any other poet. Dante was fierce and terrible in his narrow patriotism, Scott benign

and cordial; but what Florence was to the one Scotland was to the other. Her name was written in his heart. Had she been convulsed with the great throes of national conflict, it was in him to have shown that wild vehemence of patriotic love and grief as truly as did Allighieri. As the days he fell upon were peaceful days, he contented himself with the sweeter task of lighting up and beautifying the country of his love. He hung wreaths and ornaments about her with lavish fondness. He adorned and decked her, sometimes with the enthusiasm a man has for a tender mother, sometimes with the passion of a lover for his bride. He is henceforward to all the world the type and model of a patriot-poet. When a critic means to bestow upon Manzoni, for instance, the highest encomium that can be given, the very grand cross of literature, he calls him the Scott of Italy; and we feel the praise to be overweening. Nobody but Dante has ever so concentrated himself upon a beloved country, and perhaps no poet ever born has received so full and abundant a reward.

The present moment, of course, suggests reflections of its own; but these are apart from Scott and the real impression he has made upon the mind of his country. It suggests to us a wondering, half-smiling reflection that a hundred years ago there was no Scott known in Scotland. No Scott! no genius of the mountains, shedding colour and light upon their mighty slopes; no herald of past glory, sounding his clarion out of the heart of the ancient ages; no kindly, soft-beaming light of affectionate insight brightening the Lowland cottages! And yet more than this—there were no novels in the land. There was Richardson, no doubt, and the beginning of the Minerva press. But the modern novel was not, and all the amusement and instruction and consolation to be derived from it were yet in the future. The softer and lesser, but still effectual, hands which helped in the origination of this prose form of perennial poetry, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austen, Miss Ferrier, rose with the greater magician, like secondary moons round a planet. There were no novels; and a hundred years ago

the past history of Scotland was a ground for polemics only—for the contentions of a few historical fanatics, and the investigations of antiquarians—not a glowing and picturesque path in which all the world might rejoice, a region sounding with music and brilliant with colour, as living as our own, and far more captivating in the sheen and brightness of romance, than the sober-tinted present. This is but a superficial enumeration of what Sir Walter has done for us. He has made our past beautiful and dear; he has lighted up our country, and given her a charm for all the nations of the earth; but he has done even more than this. To us he has populated Scotland. He has set that enthusiasm of loyalty which belongs only to a primitive race in full and splendid relief against the darkness of the hills to which it belongs; but he has also set forth the less demonstrative faithfulness of the tamer peasant of the plains, triumphant over the complications of more artificial life and the restraints of prudence and common-sense. He has surrounded us with the beautiful, the noble, and the fair, and he has not disdained to pluck a very daisy from the soft slopes of St. Leonard's and wear that as his crowning glory. Could we go back to that Scotland of 1771, into which a new Scott was born without much remark, of the old mosstrooping race, tamed down to all the soberness and regularity of a respectable family, how strangely different should we find it! The people we should meet would be more entertaining in themselves, more original, less like everybody else, no doubt. They would remember the '45, and still feel in their hearts some remnant of that thrill of doubt and fear and hope which must have run through the island before the ill-fated prince turned back on his way to London. But in their recollections there would have been no Vich-Ian-Vohr, no Evan Dhu, no Flora—high quintessence of the old Celtic race. And Arthur's Seat would have risen to the sky with no consciousness in its lion crest that David Deans's cottage lay safe below. And Stirling would have shone in the sun with no Fitz-James treading its lofty streets, no Douglas and no Lufra to call forth ap-

plause even from the Ladies' Rock. And Loch Katrine and her isles would have lain hidden in the darkness, with no soft courageous Ellen to bring them to human ken. What a strange, what an incredible difference! No Highland emigration could so depopulate those dearest hills and glens as they are depopulated by this mere imagination.

A hundred years ago they were bare and naked—nay, they were not, except to here and there a wandering, hasty passenger—such a passenger, for example, as Samuel Johnson—who made what haste he could to escape from these dreary wilds. Not even Shakespeare—no poet we know of—has done so much as this for his country. And it has all been done within the century which in this month comes to an end.

This, however, is, as we have said, an accidental reflection. Scott himself is greater than all celebrations, and wants nothing to keep his memory fresh in the popular heart. He is not only the most perfect example of a national poet, but he is in himself a typical Scotsman. In his strength and in his weakness he is alike an example of the best and most characteristic qualities of his race. The restrained and disciplined force of his mind, the curb which he always holds over his imagination, even in its wealthiest overflowings, the absence of exaggeration in his warmest enthusiasm, the serene and broad common-sense which gives a sober daylight reality to all his pictures, are essentially Scotch; and so is the equally characteristic imprudence which helped to cloud over the end of his life—the love of hospitality and a kind of homely splendour—the openness of house and heart—the pride of family—which were the kind and endearing failings of his great soul. This self-restraint of mind and extravagance of life, perfect sobriety of thought and unbounded fervour of aspiration, are as national as is the cold-blooded caution of Andrew Fairservice, or the prudence of Cuddie Headrigg,—nay, they are far more distinctly and characteristically national. Scott's longing ambition to establish a house—a warm and kindly, and, in its way, splendid home—for his posterity after him—a house in which good men's

feasts should be held and wide welcome given, and the liberal lavish life of a chief in his own land be kept up for generations, is a kind of weakness which, for our own part, we are incapable of criticising. It is wrong, no doubt; for there is always a keen and sharp injustice involved in the career of all those who make it even possible that others may have to pay the penalty of their liberalities, and that a poor creditor ruined may be obliged unwillingly to counterbalance a poor friend helped — nay, even a piece of temporary splendour or vague general hospitality. It is wrong so — but only because the experiment has failed. Success makes it right, and quenches every thought of fault-finding. No mean self-glory was in Scott's thoughts. His Abbotsford was to have been a very light of kindness all over the world; shutting its doors on none; spreading a warmth of welcome and happiness through the very atmosphere. If there is a certain subtle pride involved in the desire to be always the giver, always the source of advantage and pleasure, a dispenser to others, a superior genial power in the midst of dependants, it is a kind of pride which has a thousand kindly excuses, and which attracts rather than repels. It is a fault which, buried deep out of sight, and little discerned by the shallow critic, lies at the very root of the native character of Scotland. It is not the reckless extravagance which distinguished the old race of Irish gentlemen — for waste is alien to the national temper; but it is (we confess) a proud inclination to be the bestower — to give rather than to receive. This was the source of many of Scott's imprudences, and of much of his suffering; but which of us shall throw a stone at the liberal soul, simple in his own tastes as a child, yet eager to make everything warm with sunshine and plenty about him, and to scatter the crumbs from his abundant genial table over half the world? A cynic, no doubt, might take a different view of this kind of pride — might call it ostentation and vanity, and a hundred hard names; and it has its darker side, no doubt, like every other; but it is essentially a national weakness. Hospitality, somebody says, is a barbarous virtue; but, anyhow, it is one which penetrates the Scottish

character down to the lowest level of society. It is not, so far as we know, at all characteristically or universally English — a curious shade of difference between such near neighbours, which we do not remember to have seen any attempt to account for.

Walter Scott was born in the year 1771, on the day which is sacred in Catholic countries as that of the Assumption of the Virgin, and which, for many recent years (last year, even, in the fierce irony of time and fate), has made all the French skies hiss and sparkle to the glory of Napoleon — the 15th of August. His childish history, as contained in his autobiography and Mr. Lockhart's illustrations,* is altogether charming. Never was a more genial, poetic child born into this dreary world. In his sweetness of temper and love of his kind — his kindly enthusiasm of genius, which could not run in the ordinary channels, nor do itself much credit in book-learning — in his manful simplicity and true childhood — were all the germs of the future man. We may, say indeed, that the Walter Scott of Sandyknowe is as nearly identical with the Walter Scott of Abbotsford as it is possible to imagine. The large, sweet, liberal nature cannot be hid; and while the man is scarcely less fresh and open-hearted than the child, the child is scarcely less wise in human nature than the man. His breeding was peculiar, as by some benign arrangement of Providence the breeding of a child of genius generally is. He was brought up for the first six years — counting, at least, for fifteen of any other child's — in the lonely house of Sandyknowe, with his old grandfather and grandmother, in absolute enjoyment of country sights and sounds, riding on the shoulders of the ewe-milkers as they went about their work, and with the "cow-bailie" in his pastoral wanderings. Besides the cow-bailie and the milk-maid, he had his aunt, Miss Jenny, for his instructor, and a whole world of ballad and genealogical

* It seems almost unnecessary to add here a tribute of admiration to the many already rendered to Lockhart's Life of our great poet. We know no work that can be placed by its side. It is neither an *éloge* nor a defence; but (barring Boswell's) the clearest and fullest narrative one man has ever made of the life of another.

story to dwell in—happy boy!—a foundation of life never to be forgotten, and the importance of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. When this sweet preface of rural existence was over, and he had returned to Edinburgh, there is a half-expressed disappointment visible on the part of his parents that he was not quite sufficiently advanced for the High School! which, however, he seems to have entered in his eighth year. There is evidently very little foundation for the tradition which places Scott in the list of the dolts of genius. He was not a careful or anxious scholar, but he was always full of those flashes of brilliant perception which reveal the power within; and there is all the movement and energy of boyhood about the story, its frays and daring deeds, as well as those dreams which are common to youth, but which surround with a mist of glory and of joy the youth of genius. Except that he was more bright and sweet-tempered, more genial, and gay, and kind, than most youths of his age, there seems to have been nothing peculiar about young Walter. Sometimes he would tell his confidants of his "visions," the expression of his face changing as he did so from its usual kindly brightness to the gravity of intense feeling; sometimes he would climb high into the silent nooks of Arthur's Seat, with his chosen friend and a packet of books, which they read together. "He read faster than I," says the companion of these wonderful hours of leisure, "and had, on this account, to wait a little at finishing every two pages before turning the leaf." One wonders what thoughts came into the boy's head as he waited, perched high up on those silent heights, with the most picturesque of cities lying below him, the soft steep of St. Leonard's, or, far away on the other side, the blue distant Firth, with its islands.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

Did he croon the words to himself long ere ever the English squire was brought into being who was to say them? Or was David Deans already in his cottage, with his cows munching the sweet gowans, and Jeanie, the beloved of our heart, looking out, with her hand shading her eyes, for wilful Effie's return? Who can tell? And then the leaf would turn, and the boy-poet go back to rush through the breathing woods with Una, or sit and listen with that graceful company on the lawns of the Decameron. Never was fitter scene for such studies and such dreams.

"We used to climb up the rocks in search of places where we might sit sheltered from the wind; and the more inaccessible they were, the better we liked them," says his companion. A lonely shoulder of the hill, no doubt, rose above, sheltering the two heads over the book. The whole soft, rich, lovely country was at their feet; the grey city slowly lighting its windows, glimmering in unequal fairy lines of human tapers, full of mystery and suggestion; the Firth, broad and calm and glorious, leading off into the unknown,—such a combination of land and water, of hill and plain, of town and country, as perhaps is to be found on no other spot on earth. Here the young mind grew, nourishing itself with the dew and the poetry, with the dreams and the romance that had charmed a score of generations. If school and college were but little to him, a better training was in those absorbed readings, those dreamy pauses, and that delicious stillness of the hills.

All this time he seems to have been laying in thoughts and incidents, and even words and phrases, for future use; putting them by, unconsciously, in the capacious caverns of that poetic memory, which is not so much memory as a vivid consciousness of everything that has ever befallen its possessor. Long after, when the *Waverley* Novels appeared, awakening the wild delight and curiosity of a whole people, a hundred broken bits of words with which they were familiar came back to the recollection of the men who had been boys in the days when Walter Scott was a boy, calling out vague echoes from the half-forgotten past, and confusing, or else enlightening, their anxious guesses at the identity of the Great Unknown. The "Prætorium here, Prætorium there," of Edie Ochiltree, which was taken from an anecdote told him by one of his friends, was perhaps odd enough to catch the fancy; but as much cannot be said for some of the chance expressions, spoken by careless lips, which turned up thirty years after in the web of the great Magician's weaving, to the wonder of his old companions. Nothing escaped him in those early days; and this extraordinary power of imaginative memory becomes all the more wonderful when we recollect that he never occupied the passive position of a spectator, but was always one of the foremost actors in everything he had a share in. So vivid, we suppose, is the sense of being in such a mind, that something of that Divine fullness of recollection which makes everything present, was in the

rich and large perceptions of the poet. He laid up everything unconsciously in his silent garner, hearing and seeing what no one else noted, living that double life of action and meditation, — the one most visible and real, the other utterly unsuspected, — which was natural to him. His soul in secret roved about among men and things, like a bee among the flowers, taking something from each new place or being, — here a character, there a story, even a phrase, if nothing better came in his musing, busy way.

His life as a young man is full of the same genial activity and enjoyment of life, and the same silent accumulation of the materials for his work. His journeys to the north and south — to the unexplored hills of Liddesdale and up into beautiful Perthshire, strike us with a pleasant surprise as we follow him, wondering where Tully Veolan is to be and where Charlieshope. He went like the founder of new empires through those lonely ways selecting his sites unawares, with eyes that glowed with warm and enthusiastic admiration, but as yet no sense of what he was really about. To us his way is traced in lines of light; but to him it was rich only in pleasant souvenirs of friendship, hospitable welcomes, good stories, scraps of ballads, and many a happy laugh and good-humoured jest. He was going through his *Wanderjahr* without knowing, piling up knowledge everywhere. But no idea of the brilliant future had yet come to him, even when he noted the scenes which were hereafter to inspire him, or which at least were to afford the garments of natural beauty and quaint human character to clothe his inspiration withal. So far indeed was he from foreseeing his own original career, that his first essay in print, made doubtfully, and more as a joke than a serious venture, the pleasant self-indulgence of an amateur, not the work of a born minstrel, was a translation. His version of Bürger's "Lenore" was his first effort; and its picturesque force and spirit made a great impression upon friendly critics, though not much upon the public, which just then had several translations of the same poem to choose from, and was not excited by it. Scott's translation, however, had all the animation and brilliancy of an original poem; and it is difficult on reading it to imagine that anything in it is second-hand, or that the ideas are derived from another. He was twenty-five when it was published; and there seems to have been a private motive for the publication apart from desire of

fame or even love of poetry. It was supposed by some of the anxious confidants who were in his secrets, and knew that his life had been coloured for some years by a half-hoping, half-despairing love for a nameless young lady, that the sight of a real printed book by her lover might move her heart. It was a forlorn hope, and it was not successful. The lady married another notwithstanding "Lenore;" choosing, it is said, a worthy and admirable but undistinguished man, instead of the immortal who wooed her with all the humility of his chivalric nature. The reader feels almost inclined to hope that she lived to repent it, for Scott's heart had received a lasting wound. But this is a spiteful thought, which never, we are sure, entered the mind of Scott. He did not break his heart altogether, it is apparent, but shortly after permitted it to be caught in the rebound by a sprightly half-French half-English maiden, whom he met on the Borders. He was married after a short interval, and it is to be supposed that the life and character of his bride merged gently into his, as we believe it is considered best for a woman to do; for there is little note afterwards of any individual appearance on her part, or influence upon him.

After this event the poet settled quietly in Edinburgh, going on with his professional work as behoved a young husband, the founder of a new family, but spending his spare time, and a great deal of it, in the collection of ballads for his "Border Minstrelsy." The appointment of Sheriff-Substitute of Selkirk, which came to him about this time, threw him more and more in the way of this search, and in 1802 his book was published. Percy and Ritson had already developed a taste for ballad literature, and the work was successful. It was just about this time that Longman, on purchasing the copyrights of Cottle of Bristol, decided the "Lyrical Ballads" of Wordsworth and Coleridge to be worth nothing, and allowed them to be withdrawn and returned to their authors; but Scott, after receiving £100 as the profit for a small first edition of his "Minstrelsy," sold the copyright to the same publisher for £500. No doubt it would be sufficiently easy to explain why this collection of the earliest popular literature of the country, the pure and genial romance, concerned with external life only, and full of picturesque incident and primitive uncomplicated feeling, should seize the uneducated public ear in a way impossible to the deep thought, the undecided

and struggling philosophies, and the much loftier pretensions of the new school of poetry; but still the contrast is curious. The publication of the "Minstrelsy" led by the easiest and most accidental (seeming) ways of gentle suggestion and pliant fancy to Scott's first great original production. In the beginning of the year 1803 the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was published. It was followed in three years by "Marmion," and two years later still by the "Lady of the Lake." Never was fame more instantaneously won. From the time the "Lay" was given to the world, that world was at his feet. The two subsequent publications did but enhance his fame; and by the year 1810, when the last of the three was published, he reigned supreme over a crowd of worshippers, fought for by publishers, adored by his audience, receiving the highest plaudits and the most solid rewards which poet, up to that time, had ever won. The books sold by thousands, the public never seeming to have enough, and from every side nothing but praise came to their author. He was elevated at once into the highest rank, and the author of "Waverley" did not rouse a greater enthusiasm than did, in these early days, the author of the "Lay."

In this judgment we cannot say that posterity has altogether agreed; but then it must be remembered that posterity has known Scott as so perfect and supreme in another walk, that his poetry has been somewhat lost in the blaze of his other fame, and has not received, since that other fame began, the notice it deserved. Scott has vanquished Scott, and silenced his own praise. It is a hard thing for a man to be in the first class in two of the great branches of art, and Scott the poet is not so unquestionably supreme as is Scott the novelist. Before his other gift was known, however, the world was wild on the subject of his merits. He became the great "Magician" before he had ever printed a word of prose; and the universal popularity which he won so easily, was entirely due to the wonderful success of his poems. He took everybody by storm—critics and non-critics, men and children. There was no class and no age beneath his sway. He came out like his own Loch-invar and sprang "light to the saddle," to lead everybody captive after him. At the first outset the "Lay" was everybody's favourite, though after a while, when the wild rush of enthusiastic partiality for the first poem had a little abated, calmer judgment placed the more complete and perfect "Marmion" in the highest place.

The "Lay" is always likely to attract the imagination. It is sweet and tender as a fairy tale in all its softer passages, though daring and rapid in its movement, as such a story ought to be. Never was a more ideal pair of gentle lovers than fair Margaret and her Knight. And in all the records of that poetry which touches the trembling string of the supernatural, we know no just parallel to the mission of Deloraine. The wild and strange character of the narrative is at once tempered and increased by the absolute truth, dulness, and bravery of the mostrooping hero, who is as unable to understand the spell he has gone through so many dangers to seek, as he is—even with that precious burden in his bosom—to resist the crane on the baron's crest which moved him to immediate warfare. All the complications occasioned by this yielding to the only temptation which could have made him swerve from his immediate duty, are dashed forth from the rapid harp with all the true animation and musical movement of a strain chanted, not written. This character is kept up throughout—the music wavers and changes as a minstrel would naturally change it—leaping of a sudden from the plaintive weariness of one canto—

"Alas, fair dames, your hopes are vain,
Thy heart has lost the unthinking strain,
Its lightness would my heart reprove,
My hairs are grey, my limbs are old,
My heart is dead, my veins are cold,
I may not, must not, sing of love;"

to the fervour of the next, in which, warmed with applause and wine, he strikes a bolder note upon his harp—

"And said I that my limbs were old,
And said I that my blood was cold,
And that my kindly fire was fled,
And my poor withered heart was dead,
And that I might not sing of love?
How could I, to the dearest theme
That ever warmed a minstrel's dream,
So foul, so false a recreant prove;
How could I name love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to notes of flame?"

The same charming animation and susceptibility to all the changes of his audience carry the singer from Branksome's echoing hall to the still bower of the weird lady, to Margaret, trembling at every breath as she steals out to meet her lover, and to the wild pranks of the elfin page. The song sweeps along without pause or weariness. Never once does it flag upon the reader's ear. It is like a Scotch river, hasty and buoyant, flashing its dark clear

waters under the trees and over the rocks, with here a deep sunny pool and there a waterfall, never weary, incapable of a pause. Such a stream is essentially unlike the broad smooth current of the great river as it flows through southern plains, soft, steady, and monotonously gentle in its flow; but the Highland river, with its sudden depths and shallows, its gleaming rapids and rock-broken channel, though it has not the stateliness nor the use of the Lowland flood, is as bright a companion as ever wanderer had. It makes the country musical to him, brightens the darkest nooks, and lends new meaning to the sunshine. This is the distinction of Scott's poetry: it is not profound, nor very lofty; it touches upon none of the deeper questions that agitate and confuse humanity. Its life and movement are on the surface, not veiled in mystery, or even haziness. The child enters into its meaning, while the oldest are stirred by it. It is simple and straightforward in its lyrical brightness. With a true sense at once of the power and of the limitations of his craft, the Minstrel puts nothing in his song which cannot be sung. And the very nature of the song forbids any overvivacity of dramatic power, for the work is not a drama in which every man has to speak for himself, but a narrative proceeding from the lips of one. To compare this poetry with that of Wordsworth, for instance, would be a simple absurdity; it would be like comparing the Tay to the Thames. The well-trained, useful, majestic stream, which carries trade and wealth into the very bosom of the land, is as unlike as possible to the wayward child of the mountains, rushing against its rocks with wreaths and dashing clouds of spray, unfit to bear a boat for any steady progression, yet flowing on strongly, brightly, picturesquely, charming all eyes that look upon it, and delighting all hearts.

We do not of course mean this to apply to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" only, but to its successors as well. In all these poems there is the same rapid, brilliant motion—the same animated variety of scenery and incident—the same warm, full tide of life. "Marmion," we believe, has come to be very generally regarded as the best of the series; and there can be no doubt that its dramatic form and picturesque splendour transcend the others in some notable respects. It treats a larger subject, the canvas is broader, the personages more majestic; but for that very reason it fails of a certain tenderer and more gentle interest, which is very

strong in its immediate successor, the "Lady of the Lake." If critics have given the palm to the courtly scenes in "Marmion," to its brilliant battlepieces, and the splendour of its pictures, the popular mind has taken into its warmest liking the national romance of James Fitz-James. Something of that visionary warmth of feeling, in season and out of season, with which Scotland has all along regarded her "native kings"—a feeling held by none more strongly than by Scott—has stolen into this delightful rendering of the familiar tradition. And there is at the same time a more subtle interest, which has crept in one cannot tell how. The beginning of the transition from one class of poetry to another is to be found in this poem. Ellen Douglas, so brave, so innocent, so simple-hearted and true, the very type of a high-spirited and high-born maiden, bold with the fearlessness of innocence, is such a picture as has not appeared before, and it is one which charms every heart. Never while Benvenue stands, and Loch Katrine holds up to him her silver mirror, shall that light skiff and lighter form forsake the silver strand, or cease to throw a charm over those loveliest islets. The picture is so clear, so sweet, so fresh, that—as we say of Raphael—it might have been made yesterday. It is no profound study of an ideal woman, but it is a true Highland girl, frankest, most courageous, and most stainless of human creatures, capable of all and every exertion which love requires of her—facing all perils, like Una herself, with an unfaltering brow, when those who are dear to her require her help. None of Sir Walter's poetical heroines are so perfect. In her simplicity there is at once a gleam of frolic and a possibility of all the stateliness which becomes a lady of the far-famed Douglas blood. And there is a fine and delicate harmony between her and the scenery we find her in, which acts upon the reader like a perfect strain of music. It wants no elucidation, no explaining, like those grand chords with discords freely intermixed, which belong to a great sonata. This is the "melody that's sweetly played in tune," the air as simple and as sweet as the flowers it breathes over, which even a child can catch, and which tempts every voice to take up its cheerful refrain. In this fascinating way is a new power, the development of character, introduced into the tale. The dark chieftain in his waving tartans, the wonderfully strange and exciting scenes in the history of Clan Alpine, charm us by their picturesqueness

and dramatic force; but in Ellen and her noble father there is, mingled with the poetry, a curious breadth and unexaggerated truth of portraiture, which show how Scott's powers had grown. These two stand behind the veil of the verse, as it were, with all the noble force of reality which distinguishes the work of after-days. As they stand they might be transported into "Waverley" with little harm.

Thus the greater artist had already begun to form and show himself within those early garments of poetry. This is, we think, the great distinction of the "Lady of the Lake." His former poems have just enough humanity to interest the reader in the rapid course of the tale; but here the great Maker finds himself unable longer to refrain from putting character into his poetic creations. It was perhaps a dangerous experiment; for the art of the minstrel is too light, too swift, too essentially musical, to be weighted with such grave necessities of detail. In "Marmion" there is no character-painting. The great lord himself does and says nothing which can make us believe in the forged letters, or indeed, which can help us to any insight into his probable proceedings one way or another. We accept him on the poet's showing in what character he pleases. Neither is De Wilton more distinct, nor the sweet conventional medieval figure of Clare. It is better for the poem that they should not be so; for it is a vivid narrative of events, not an inquiry into the secrets of human nature. And where was there ever found a broader landscape, or one more full of atmosphere and sunshine, than that great picture which opens upon the southern noble and his train as they approach Edinburgh? or where a more glowing and splendid sketch than that midnight scene at the Cross? or where such a battle-piece as that of Flodden? This is true minstrelsy, the song flung from rapid harp and voice, the strain of the primitive chronicler. The warm impulse of external life thrills through every line. There is no time nor place for details of individual humanity, nor for the deeper thoughts and emotions which clog and curb all instantaneous action. The minstrel cannot pause to disentangle that confused and confusing network. This is not his vocation in the world.

"The Lord of the Isles" has never reached the high popularity attained by the earlier poems—a fact for which we can give no sufficient reason, unless, indeed, that Scott had attained by a bound

such perfection in his chosen strain, that it was impossible for him to mount higher, and that a certain monotony had crept into the repetition. We have, for our own part, the prejudices of personal association in favour of this poem; but putting these as much as possible apart, it seems to us very little if at all inferior to the others. The picturesque scene in the hall of Ardornish; the wonderful voyage among the isles, which conveys to ourselves all the exhilaration and wild delight in the sweeping seas and favourable gales—the flying motion and continually-varying scenery which are characteristic of such a voyage; the romantic surprise of Arran; and finally, the grand picture of Bannockburn—match at once in beauty and interest anything in "Marmion;" while there is, besides, a second manifestation of another power, which we have remarked upon as appearing in "The Lady of the Lake." The great and noble character of the king—ly Bruce, shows once more that both the audience and the poet had outgrown the primitive music, and were groping towards something deeper and higher. There is no reason to suspect that the author, any more than his audience, knew what it was which was coming; but already the charm of a broader art had begun to attract and draw him away from the old harp which lent him so much grace and sweetness, yet limited his genius and cramped the real soul within him. It seems to us that nothing can be more plain than this gradually rising necessity for a fuller utterance. The new power worked with the old tools with an unconsciousness of itself which belongs only to the greatest mould of man; but yet felt that the tools were old, and longed for instruments more fitted to its nature. Except Shakespeare, no one we know of has possessed this unconsciousness, which is the crowning charm of genius, in such a degree as Scott. He was perfectly contented and happy in his simple strain; half amused that anything so easy could have gained him so much fame, and always aware that some day the world might change its mind on the subject, but taking it with a delightful ease and naturalness. When the new stream began to swell upwards out of the murmuring spring among the hills, Scott himself tried, as it were, to dam it down, and keep it within the narrower channel. He kept on trying to make the graceful and vague forms he had been used to, till the grander heads forced themselves through the clay. When, out of the rose-tinted mists of poetry, Ellen Douglas and

her father looked him in the face — and when the grand serene countenance of the Bruce insisted on making itself apparent out of the romance of the Maid of Lorne, one can imagine a certain confusion growing into the mind of the poet. Here was something which wanted larger development — a sphere more extended, a different kind of utterance. No doubt, for the first moment, they bewildered him with the vague delicious consciousness they must have brought of a giant's strength yet untried, and a whole new world yet to be conquered. He had outgrown the earlier singing-robcs, the primitive music. Something weightier, something wider, was to come.

Thus the poems of Scott were but as the preface to his work. His real and enduring glory is in his novels — the fuller and greater drama which did not naturally with him shape itself into verse, and which was quite beyond the minstrel's sphere. There is a certain confusion here in words, which we trust may not involve our meaning to the reader's apprehension. Scott was a great poet — one of the greatest — but not in verse. In verse he is ever and at all times a minstrel, and nothing more. He is the modern representative of that most perennially popular of all characters, the bard who weaves into living song the exploits and the adventures of heroes. It is no mean band, for Homer stands at the head of it, supreme in the love and admiration of all the ages; but it is essentially different from the other schools of poetry which have flourished among us, and in more recent times. It does not admit of the great impersonations of the drama proper, and at the same time it forbids as strictly as the true drama forbids, those explanations which are permitted to reflective and philosophical poetry. The impression it makes must be conveyed rapidly, without interruption to the song; the narrative must flow swift as a stream, vivid and direct to its end. The primitive passions, the motives known to all men, the great principles of life which all can comprehend and even divine, are the materials in which alone it ever works. The fact must never be lost sight of, that the tale is told by one voice, and that this one voice *sings*. The story has to be done at a hearing, or at two or three hearings, but must, by its nature, never be allowed to flag or become monotonous. Neither can it be permitted to be elaborate. Directness, simplicity, comprehensibility, are absolute necessities to it. No one must pause to

ask what does this or that mean. To thrill the listeners with a rapidly-succeeding variety of emotions — to hold them breathless in suspense for the *dénouement* — to carry them along with the hero through some rapid adventure — these are the minstrel's powers. If he lays a hand on the more complicated chords of existence, and tries to unravel the deeper mysteries, he forsakes his sphere. Hamlet and Lear are impossible to him, and so are the musings of Jacques, and even the delicious trifling of Rosalind. His is a hasty muse, with staff in hand and shoes on feet. He must be doing at all hazards. He must know how to relieve the strain upon his audience by a rapid change of subject, but never by a pause. Thus he stands apart among the ranks of the poets — a great artist in his way, the most popular perhaps of all — but never attaining to that highest sphere in which the crowned singers dwell.

This is Scott's position in what is called his poetry as distinct from his prose writings, and we think it is a mistaken love which claims a higher for him. Of all poets it is perhaps the minstrel who has the largest and most sympathetic audience. When we reflect that while all the world vied in the celebration of Scott, Wordsworth was known only to a handful of friends, this fact will be made very a parent. The critics who applauded the one to the echo, and fell with savage cruelty upon the other; the public who bought up edition after edition of the minstrel's lays, and left the poet unregarded among his mountains, — enforce the lesson with a clearness above all comment. And it would be wrong to say that there was no justice in the award of the world. That world was made up of — a small class of people able to appreciate the loftier flights of poetry, and to understand those researches into the depths of human nature, and those high communings with heaven and earth which are her privilege — and of myriads who were too busy, too joyous, too sick and sorrowful, too hardworking and worn with care, to have any power to enter into the depths or ascend to the heights of that divine philosophy which speaks in music and song; but these myriads at the same time were pervaded by that vague longing for beauty and sweetness, for noble deeds and thrilling tales, which is one of the broadest principles of humanity. In the midst of the flatness of their own particular lives their ears were open to the tale of passions, sufferings, and generousities — of

those conflicts of love and hate which (they are always ready to believe) make the lives of some men as full of interest as their own lives are devoid of it; and for this through, this multitude more than could be numbered, Scott took up his harp and sang. He played upon them as upon another harp. He moved them to instant excitement, to sympathy with the generous and the injured, to admiration of the lovely and good. He turned their tame partiality for their native country into a passion; he raised patriotism into a proud determined principle; he made the blood run warm in their veins, and roused them to the influence of poetry, to the sway of the unseen. Therefore we say that the award was just. The poetry of Wordsworth affected one to the depths of his being, where the poetry of Scott roused a thousand superficially out of the dullness of theirs. The effect and the means were alike superficial in comparison. The nightingale in the darkling woods moves to deepest delight the few wakeful ears that hear him; but the daylight lark spreads the joy of his song over a world of fields, and wakes up a whole village with his simpler melody. Such is the minstrel's place in the economy of art; he gets his reward at once, warm and abundant; the other waits for the slow coming of his day, sadly enough often, not knowing if it will ever come. But it does; and the dear minstrel whom we love, who gave us our first thrill of poetic interest, who woke the dull heart in us, who made us first to hear and see—he wanes. It is the nature of things. "In thy lifetime thou hadst thy good things." Such is the sentence pronounced upon this facile yet merited success.

For these poems Scott received not only, as we have said, the universal plaudits of this world, but a great deal of money. A thousand pounds was given to him for "Marmion" before the poem was published or even written, and his other works were in proportion. The sum was wonderful then, and indeed is not much less than miraculous now, for Scott was still but a new poet, and had not done anything to fight his way into prosperity. He had, however, unfortunately taken a step which neutralized those advantages to him. He had helped his friend James Ballantyne, his acquaintance with whom had been formed in childhood, to begin business in Edinburgh as a printer, and after a while became his partner—a step which involved him in all the after-troubles of his life. For it was not really

Abbotsford, nor family pride, nor any other of the causes by which his downfall is commonly accounted for, which really produced it; but the half-benevolent and half-prudent scheme by which, no doubt, he hoped to put money in his own purse, but, at the same time, to establish his friend in business, and help him on in his career. Before this step was taken, he had reached a pleasant eminence of comfort and tranquility in respect to pecuniary matters. He had somewhere about £2000 a-year, an income sufficient for all the necessities of his position; and though his professional work had suffered from his poetry, the poetry itself had done a good deal to re-dress the balance, and he had already purchased the farm of Abbotsford before a word of the novels had been written or at least published. This new connection, however, involved him at once in business difficulties, and kept him for the rest of his life the slave of those wants and foolishnesses which he had rashly connected himself with, notwithstanding the clear perception of character which always distinguished him. He worked for his partners, or rather for the necessities forced upon him by his relations with them, as he had never worked for his own convenience; and he had now reached the commencement of that middle period of life, in which it is not easy for a man to begin to deny himself, or to give up for himself or those he loves the indulgences and graces of existence. The publication of the "Lord of the Isles" was the first check in his triumphant poetical career. This was after the publication of "Waverley," of which we have not yet spoken, and he had consequently a fund of consolation to strengthen his heart. We quote from Lockhart's *Life* an account of the manner in which he received the news of this check:—

"One evening, some days after the poem had been published, Scott requested James Ballantyne to call on him; and the printer found him alone in his library, working at the third volume of 'Guy Mannering.' I give what follows from Ballantyne's *memoranda*. 'Well, James,' he said, 'I have given you a week; what are people saying about the "Lord of the Isles"?' I hesitated a little after the fashion of Gil Blas, but he speedily brought the matter to a point. 'Come,' he said, 'speak out, my good fellow; what has put it into your head to be on so much ceremony with me all of a sudden? But I see how it is; the result is given in one word—*disappointment*.' My silence admitted his inference to the fullest extent. His countenance certainly did look

rather blank for a few seconds; in truth, he had been wholly unprepared for the event. . . . However, he instantly resumed his spirits, and expressed his wonder rather than his poetical popularity should have lasted so long than that it should have now at last given away. At length he said, with perfect cheerfulness — 'Well, well, James, so be it; but you know we must not droop, for we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something else;' and so he dismissed me, and resumed his novel."

Brave, modest, truthful, indomitable soul! just so might Shakespeare have done had the audience of the Globe tired of tragedy — turned to at a historical play or one of those delightful comedies which are what no other comedies ever were; so might Shakespeare have done — but no other poet we ever heard of. In every other individual of the race, the tormenting of an irritable self-esteem and profound indignation against a world not wise enough to appreciate him, has more or less soured both temper and life — but not with these two. There is a certain grandeur, no doubt, in the persistent self-support of a neglected poet, who gives himself all the moral backing of his own good opinion, and persists in believing in himself till he has elicited a gleam of answering belief from the world. But how much sweeter and dearer to the heart, in its charm of modesty and humility, is this acceptance of the verdict of others, this cheerful putting aside of self, and undiscouraged change, since the friendly world so wills it, of fashion and form! "We must not droop; we can't afford to give over. Since one line has failed, we must just stick to something." Unimpressive, commonplace words; and yet no sublime expression of any poet's faith in himself ever touched us so much. It is what Shakespeare would have done. And Scott did it — and no one else.

There is a grandeur in the life which is above common rules — which is a law unto itself — exempted by its great endowments from the common course of living. Such an existence, when it is pure like Wordsworth's, commands our respect and almost awe. When it is wild and irregular like Byron's, it moves us to seek out every eager excuse for that light, leading ever astray, which still is light from heaven. But how much nobler, how much more truly great, is the life raised by genius above the common level, but loyally subject to all the daily burdens of humanity, throwing off no yoke; patient, not petulant under every restraint; if one thing

fails, cheerfully, bravely, with a smile, taking up another. This is a subject of which we cannot trust ourselves to speak, so infinitely, to our thinking, does this broad loyal simple humanity, the common nature sublimated and expanded all over, not individualized into sharp identity, transcend those lower peaks of obstinate, self-regarding, self-idolizing personality. Scott conducts himself throughout in his faults as in his virtues, as any ordinary man of generosity and honour would have done. He seeks no benefit of clergy. He toils, mortgages himself, anticipates the exertions of his own future, as if he had been no poet, but an honest man struggling hard by sacrifice and manual labour — common work — to keep his head above water, and save himself and his friends. He takes no thought for his own ruffled *amour propre*, makes no moan over the hard necessity of putting his Pegasus into harness. Far other is the effect of necessity and embarrassment upon him. That which the poorest scribbler mourns over as a degradation of his genius, this man accepted without a whisper or a thought of shame. It was no ignominy and no grief to him that he had to keep all his mighty faculties in constant exercise, and work like a slave or a giant for the money which was needed. Neither his work nor his anxiety disturbed the gracious nature which through all could take its pleasure, could bear up and press on, ever with more and more work, and ever dragging after him, upheld by his strong arm, the incapable souls whose fault it was. His poetic contemporaries, while he went through this long struggle, were preaching to the world the necessity laid upon it of providing a peaceful nest and a sheltered life for the man of genius, in order that he might work without care or restraint; while gaily in his fetters, bound hand and foot, anxiously striving only to keep on, and not to fail, this man of genius lived and laboured. Honour and highest praise to the brave soul who was first of all things a man before ever he was a poet! He did it — and Shakespeare — no more.

Perhaps, however, we ought to take a less enthusiastic view, which is also a true one. No amount of high principle or training could have made Wordsworth or Byron do what Scott did. Their narrower temperament and constitution could no more have borne it than a weak man could have borne the burden which is easy to the strong. It would have been intolerable to either, and must have been

thrown off as incompatible with their lofty pretensions, or else would have crushed them to death. But Scott's unbounded healthfulness of soul, his superiority to all those tremors of sickly foresight which are to the mind what neuralgia and tooth-ache are to the body — his native cheerfulness carried to the edge, but never over the edge, of *insouciance* — his delightful faculty of shaking off all burdens from his memory, and leaving to the morrow its own cares, — brought him through this enormous struggle as no man of less perfect health and breadth of constitution could have been brought. It cannot even be said that the lamentable malady which clouded the end of his life was caused by these unexampled exertions; for in such a way, with just such sufferings, his father, a man with no cares to afflict him, had also passed into the dark valley. Scott laboured at the highest mental work as if it had been weaving or carpentering, only with energy ten-fold greater than is ever employed at the bench or the loom, and would have been the first to laugh, no doubt, at the thought of hardship in his own bright and noble lot.

The story of the origin of "Waverley" is almost too well known to need repetition; but it is necessary in every sketch of his life. After the success of the "Lay," it occurred to him to illustrate the manners of the past in prose as he had already done in verse; and, moved by the pleasant impulse with which a man so exuberant in strength and genius takes up any new work, he wrote the first chapters — the description of Waverley Honour and the dreamy youth and studies of the young heir. When he submitted this, however, to some friends, he was discouraged by them from proceeding with it. They feared that he would risk the fame he had won by the puerility of a novel, and were of opinion besides that Waverley Honour itself was dull, and likely to excite no interest. One can imagine the spark of humorous incredulity in Sir Walter's eye at this judgment; but his life was full as life could be. He had but to weave so many couplets together, and gather up the laurels and the gold that were sure to follow; and he put away the manuscript, accordingly, at the bidding of his advisers, without, it would appear, a word of remonstrance. In the drawer where he had placed it, it lay long forgotten, for some seven or eight years, at the end of which time, in a search for some fishing-tackle, he found the neglected sheets. Probably by this time it had become ap-

parent to his sagacious mind that his fountain of poetry was not one which would flow for ever. He took it out, read it over, and doubtless, with more amusement than displeasure, recollected, and did not agree in, the unfavourable verdict. The half-forgotten papers were not restored to their drawer; and with all the pleasant excitement belonging to a new and fresh piece of work, Scott began to finish his story. The two last volumes were written in *three weeks*! There is a curious story told in Lockhart's *Life* of the effect produced upon one of a young party of convivial law-students in Edinburgh by the sight, through a window, of the perpetual movement of Scott's hand as he wrote. "It never stops," he said; "page after page is finished and thrown upon that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand the sight of it when I am not at my books." It was the conclusion of "Waverley" which was being written in this untiring way, and the fact — though it cannot reasonably tell either for or against the book as a book — is curious, as demonstrating the warmth of interest with which Scott threw himself into every thing he undertook. He did not put it aside, it is evident, till it was finished, knowing, no doubt, his own readiness to accept counsel on the subject, and resolving to make this work at least certain. We do not hear that he submitted it to any further private judgment; but good James Ballantyne shook his head over it and found that Waverley Honour was dull and Tullyveolan *vulgar* — save the mark! and had but poor expectation of any good result. Thus humbly and diffidently was a book to steal into the world which made such a revolution in the world of letters as has not been made since. It was received with such a flash of enthusiasm as none of his works had as yet called forth. Not even the fresh delight of the "Lay" had stirred the public mind as did the new revelation — the beginning of a new branch of literature, as it may be called — which came before it in "Waverley." The effect was electrical. "Opinion!" said Lord Holland, when asked what he thought of the book: "none of us went to bed all night, and nothing slept but my gout." The world was once more taken by storm.

We have said that in these days there were no novels; except the cotemporary works of Miss Edgeworth — works which are said (as the lesser sometimes manages

to convey the spark of life to the greater) to have directed the thoughts of Scott to this kind of literature—nothing of any weight or importance in the shape of fiction had appeared between “Waverley” and “Sir Charles Grandison.” Richardson had had his day; and his influence, so far as it was living and real, was dying out of the world. He was falling into the position of a classic—much admired and quoted, but little read. The field altogether was clear; and Miss Edgeworth’s novels, though full of truth and genius, could not stand for a moment in comparison with those of Scott. He came upon the stage not quite knowing what was to follow, with none of the sublime self-confidence with which some of his contemporaries faced the world, feeling certain, however it might decide, that they themselves could be nothing but supremely right. Scott did not attach to his work the same tremendous importance. It was not, in his estimation, great enough to hold the world in balance, and he knew himself ready and cheerfully willing to change the manner of it at any time if such a proceeding seemed expedient. Nevertheless it must have been a serious question with him whether or not this new venture was to be successful. Lockhart remarks upon “the gallant composure” with which Scott “awaited the decision of the public,” as exemplified in the fact that immediately on the publication of “Waverley” he started on a yacht voyage of nearly two months’ duration. This, however, may be interpreted in two ways, and it might well be that the thoroughly brave but harassed and hard-working soul was glad to escape from that interval of suspense—to turn his mind entirely from the question, which, no doubt, was an anxious one, and to return only when it must be distinctly decided one way or another. He had the faculty invaluable to every hard-working man, and above all to one whose work is of a mental kind, of separating himself alike from his toils and his anxieties, and living in the cheerful, novel day of adventure and change when they came to him, without torturing himself with unavailing broodings over what was going on behind. That he turned his back upon Edinburgh, and indeed upon the world in which letters and newspapers were practicable, and went out to the silent seas, to the coasts with which he was unacquainted, and to the small society, all congenial and pleasant to him, who were thrown upon each other in the inevitably close companionship of the “stout cutter,”—was exactly one of those

brilliantly-sensible expedients of self-deliverance which so healthy and manful a nature selects by intuition to get itself through its difficulties. He never spared himself work, nor took any cowardly means of escape from the trials that had to be borne. But he avoided the suspense which was avoidable, and which it was useless and unavailing to brave. Before going away, however, he had heard already the buzz of rising curiosity and fame. “It has made a very strong impression here,” he writes to his friend Morritt, a few days after its publication, “and the good people of Edinburgh are busied in tracing out the author, and in finding out originals for the portraits it contains;” he “does not expect, however, that it will be popular in the South, as much of the humour, if there be any, is local, and some of it even professional.” In another letter he adds a piece of criticism which is true enough, and shows the impartiality with which he looked upon the children of his brain. “The hero,” he says, “is a sneaking piece of imbecility, and if he had married Flora she would have set him up on the chimney-piece as Count Borolaski’s wife used to do with him. I am a bad hand,” he continues, “at depicting a hero properly so called, and have an unfortunate propensity for the dubious characters of Borderers, buccaneers, Highland robbers, and all others of a Robin Hood description.” This shows that Scott recognised a deficiency which is, indeed, not common to him only, but to the greatest dramatists as well. When one recalls not only Waverley, but the Claudios, Bertrams, Bassanios, and Sebastians of Shakespeare, as well as Scott’s own mild, respectable, and ineffectual band of Harry Morton’s, Lovels, &c., it becomes evident that to “depict a hero” is a very hazardous task indeed, transcending even the highest powers.

But hero apart, what a wonderful and enchanted world was there and then opened to the astonished public! Here was no astonishing Grandison ideal, no work of mere imagination created out of nothing, but a revelation of a whole broad country, varied as nature is, and as true. The veil was drawn from the face of Scotland, not only to other nations, but to her own astonished delighted inhabitants, who had hitherto despised and derided the Highland caterans, but now saw suddenly with amazed eyes the courtly figure of Vich Ian Vohr descending from the mists, the stately and beautiful Flora, with all their at-

tendants, such surrounding personages as Evan Dhu and Callum Beg, either of them enough to have made any ordinary man's fortune. We can comprehend but dimly at this distance—we who have been brought up upon the Waverley novels, and scarcely can remember when we first made acquaintance with that wonderful Highland court, any more than we can remember when it was that we first set childish foot within Prospero's enchanted isle—it is with difficulty that we can realise the first magical effect produced by them. They had no rivals in the field. They were read everywhere, by all kinds of people; they flew from hand to hand like the news of a campaign in which everybody was interested; and it is easy to realise how, as book followed book, the world kept ever growing larger and larger round the astonished, entranced, breathless audience, which had enough ado to look on while the bright panorama glided before them, and sketch after sketch of new country rose brilliant out of the mists. The race whose power and place was over—the economy of the past in its last splendid, fatal outburst—became visible suddenly, as no amount of historical description could ever have made it, in the persons of Fergus MacIvor and his valiant and loyal henchman. In that wonderful flow of narrative the reader was carried along from admiration to disapproval, to blame, to enthusiasm, to regret, and finally to that scaffold and conclusion which he came to with a pang of the "*hysterica passio*" in his throat, and at the same time that sense of inevitable and necessary fate which ennobles and saddens the Greek drama,—all without time to breathe or pause, or escape from the spell that had seized upon him. The splendid warmth of kindly and genial humour which lighted up the absorbing tale, gave to it all the breadth of that life which goes on cheerily, feasts and laughs, and finds a sober enjoyment in the midst of the greatest convulsions. What could be more delightful, more loving in its fun, more whimsical in its quaint conception, and, at the same time, more completely true to nature, than the Baron of Bradwardine, a knight and gentleman every inch of him—with his wisdom, his learning, his vanity, and gravest solemn foolishness? "I had a great deal of fun in the accomplishment of this task," says Scott, with the gleam of enjoyment in his eyes. He, too, liked it as much as his audience. To him, as to every true humorist, his Baron was dear—there is moisture beyond the laughter in his eye, rising half

from the heartiness of the laugh, half from a tender affection below. Without this no man ever attains to true humour, which is ever kind, ever delicate in its touch, meliowed and sweetened by the heart of sympathy within. And all is so easy, so natural, flowing from detail to detail with the quiet succession of fact, no strain of invention perceptible, or even, the reader feels, possible. The book advances, grows, lives by its own instinctive vitality. One thinks of the hand seen through the window finishing page after page without a pause. Why? Because by force of genius the author had, as it were, no will in the matter. The book brought itself into being; took its own way, amusing the writer even by its waywardness, by the flow of its incidents, by the changes and slips it made in his half-conscious hands.

And pouring after "Waverley" into the world came the flood of its successors, all instinct with kindred life, proving that no adventitious help of historical interest was wanted, but that the humblest incidents of common life were enough to furnish at once drama and interest. The cottage of the Mucklebackits with its simple tragedy is brought as close to us as the rude hall of the Highland chieftain, and goes even more warmly to our hearts. Scott draws them as if he had been studying fishermen and their ways all his life. His sympathy enters into everything. The rustic dalliance on one hand, and that sorrow of the poor which has to be put aside for all the necessities of ordinary life, are all open to his sympathetic eye; and with the touch as of a magician's wand, he conjures all coarseness out of the one, and teaches us to feel for the petulance of grief restrained—the passion of sorrow which takes the form of irritation—in the other. As the brilliant series flows on, it is as if each new study was the author's masterpiece; and so mightily does he work upon us, that even the conventional machinery of the lost child, in its different forms, gains a new interest, and becomes in his hands the most ready way of securing a picturesque arrangement of characters. More than this, however, Scott never aims at in his plot. Though we defy the most cold-blooded reader to follow without excitement the story of those strange events which make Captain Brown into Henry Bertram of Ellangowan, it is not upon such means of arousing and retaining the reader's interest that Scott depends. The story is but as a thread to him upon which his pearls are strung; and though

each tale has its love-story, we do not suppose that any but the youngest reader is much concerned whether Waverley marries or not, or takes any great interest in the rapid loves of Lovel or Hazledean. It is the men and women whom he introduces to us who engross our interest; and besides this, which is the primary attraction, his power of simple narration is unequalled. This is almost a more rare gift than that power of creation which has peopled our earth and our country with so many new and original and noble beings. Scott not only introduces us to a crowd of men and women whom we did not know before, but he sets incidents so before us that they make as vivid an impression upon our minds as things that have happened to ourselves. We feel that it would be quite possible for a man in all good faith, after reading, say, the Battle of Prestonpans, the Porteous riot, or the expedition of Dandie Dinmont and young Bertram across the moors, to feel his mind overshadowed by a momentary doubt whether these incidents had occurred in his own experience or had been simply told to him. He takes us into a new district, and sets it before us so that we feel capable of recognizing every bush and cothouse. He makes a scene so to pass before us that we feel we have been in it. In every way he pours the full tide of his own exuberant existence over the subject he has chosen; he makes it live, he makes it glow, he removes it out of the region of hypothesis, and writes certainty all over it. His novels are as vivid, as lifelike, as lavish in their vitality, as are his poems; and though the probabilities are by no means slavishly adhered to, or facts severely upheld, there are few among us who do not stand by Scott against both history and likelihood. What he has created, is—and we are impatient of any contradiction, for do not his brilliant imaginations, his pictures, even his dreams and visions, prove themselves? By their internal evidence we feel ourselves ready to stand or fall.

The curious breadth of Scott's character is apparent also in the fact that he has given us every possible kind of man and woman to add to the population of our world. Almost all other writers have been limited in this respect. In our own day, Dickens had his special kind of character which he could bring out to perfection—Thackeray his—and Lord Lytton his; but Scott, like Shakespeare, has a world of men under his belt. From Jenny Dennison, up to Rebecca the Jewess, what

a range of variety; from *Cœur-de-Lion* to Dirk Hatteraick! and yet they are all so vivid that we might (as people say) shake hands with them. Every one of his figures is an individual study. They are not divided into classes, as is so usual even with novelists of genius, who have one stock old man whom they vary at their will, one humorous character, one grave one, with which they play all the changes possible in a circle so limited. Scott is entirely free from this. Baron Bradwardine and Jonathan Oldbuck are as little like each other as either is like Waverley or Fergus MacIvor; and the same may be said of every picture he has made. Except in the thankless rôle of hero, where it is very difficult to vary the no-character, he never repeats himself. Guy Mannering, Pleydell, and Dandie Dinmont are in no way to be confounded with the other soldiers, lawyers, or honest fellows in the series. Neither have we any counterpart or echo of Nicol Jarvie or of Andrew Fairservice. This notable expedient for saving trouble evidently had not occurred to him. Even his heroines, though they partake of the same disadvantages as the heroes, have a certain glimmer of identity. Rose and Lucy are not the same, neither are the sprightly Julia and Miss Wardour, though there is a certain resemblance between them. This wonderful variety cannot be better illustrated than by taking one class of characters as an example. There is Andrew Fairservice, Cuddie Headrigg, Ritchie Monypplies, all serving-men—all with a strong tendency to prudence and care of themselves, all quaintly attached to their masters, all full of native wit, and fertile in excuse and self-defence. They are all alike vivid and distinct, and are occasionally placed in very similar circumstances. But there is no resemblance between them. They are just as separate as if one had been a knight and another a baron. And then compare them with that wonderful picture of the old-world Major-domo, Caleb Balderstone. He is as distinct from them, in some respects as superior to them, as it is possible to conceive. It would be easy to go through the whole series, and prove from one group after another the many-sidedness of the painter. There is not a child even whom he passes at a cotter's door but becomes individual to him. He notes every similarity, every feature they have in common with others, and then he makes them different. There is no more to be said. If we knew how he did it, we too ourselves could do it—but at least we can

perceive the fact. They are like the people we meet—alike in a thousand things, exactly alike in none. This is another point of resemblance between the broad and expansive nature of our great novelist and that of Shakespeare. He too, and above all who have ever tried, painted all mankind—not a few typical figures disturbed by doubts of their own identity, and followed about by a little crowd of shadows, but a host of individuals. In the same way from prince to bedesman, from the ewe-milker to the lady of romance—Scott is able for them all. He looks on the world with eyes of sunshiny delight, not with spectacles coloured by his own theories or other people's. He is indeed troubled by no theories which can warp his cheerful, unfailing eyesight. What he sees and feels, what he has laid up and noted unconsciously in the long bright days of silence and obscure existence, he brings forth now with an instinctive fidelity. Though he is called the *Great Unknown*, people find him out everywhere by the chance words he says, by the stories he tells—by the current, as it were, of his mind. At all times he is true to nature and recollection, and brings forth out of his treasures things new and old—things always genial, large, and true. We cannot, after reflection (barring always the heroes), bring to our mind a single instance of repetition. His smaller figures and his great are alike distinct: every new novel has a new standing-ground, a new succession of groups, an individuality distinctive to itself. The reader has but to cast his eye upon all the works of imagination he knows, except Shakespeare and Scott, and he will easily perceive how rare and remarkable this distinction is.

Scott's first novel was published in 1814, and by the year 1818 his genius had attained one of its distinct climaxes and culminating-points in the "*Heart of Midlothian*." Between two these dates, "*Waverley*," "*Guy Mannering*," "*The Antiquary*," "*The Black Dwarf*," "*Old Mortality*," and "*Rob Roy*," had been published. Of these the "*Black Dwarf*," is the only * weak spot; all the others show the full fervour and power of

his first and freshest inspiration. It is difficult to distinguish where all are so much above criticism; but there can be no question that, among so many remarkable works, the "*Heart of Midlothian*" separates itself, prince or rather princess among equals. Here is the humblest, commonest tale of deception and betrayal, a story in its beginning like one of those that abound in all literature. There is the pretty, vain, foolish girl gone astray, the "villain" who deceived her, the father and sister brokenhearted with shame, the unhappy young heroine's life spoiled, and ruined like that of a trodden-down flower; nothing, alas! can be more ordinary than the tale. Put to it but its usual moral conclusion, the only one possible to the sentimentalist, the "only act" which the "lovely woman" who has "stooped to folly" can find "her guilt to cover" and the moralist has no more well-worn subject; but the touch of Scott's hand changed all. "Had this story been conducted by a common hand," says a judicious anonymous correspondent quoted in Lockhart's "*Life*," "Effie would have attracted all our concern and sympathy—Jeanie, only cold approbation; whereas Jeanie, without youth, beauty, genius, warm passions, or any other novel-perfection, is here our object from beginning to end." Jeanie Deans, to our thinking, is the cream and perfection of Scott's work. She is tenfold more, because in all ordinary circumstances she would be so much less interesting to us than a score of beautiful Rowenas, then even Elbra or Rebecca. She is a piece of actual fact real as the gentle landscape in which she is first enclosed, true as her kine that browse upon the slope—and yet she is the highest ideal that Scott has ever attained. A creature absolutely pure, absolutely truthful, yet of a tenderness, a forbearance, and long-suffering beyond the power of man, willing to die rather than lie, but resolute that the truth her nature has forced her to speak shall not be used for harm if her very life prevent it. And this flower of human nature expands and blooms out, its slow sweet blossom opening before our eyes without one moment's departure from the homely guise, the homely language, even the matter-of-fact channel in which her thoughts run by nature. She is never anything different from what it is natural that the daughter of David Deans, cowfeeder at St. Leonards, should be. In all her many adventures she is always the same simple, straightforward, untiring, one-ideaed woman; simple, but

* This weakness was discovered before its publication by William Blackwood, the founder and first Editor of this Magazine, and pointed out by him with the courage and clear-sightedness which distinguished him—a bold act, which roused Scott into a most unusual outburst of petulance, almost the only one recorded of him: though it is evident that he soon adopted the opinion which had irritated him.

strong, not weak in her simplicity, firm in her gentleness, resisting all unnecessary explanations with a sensible decision, at which the clever, bold, unscrupulous villain of the piece stands aghast. He has not the courage to keep his secrets, he who has courage to break hearts and prisons; but Jeanie has the courage. There is not one scene in which this high valour of the heart, this absolute goodness, fails her; nor is there one in which she departs ever so little from the lowliness of her beginning. She is as little daunted by the Duke and the Queen as she is by the other difficulties which she has met and surmounted with that tremulous timidity of courage which belongs to nerves highly strung; nay, she has even a certain modest pleasure in the society of these potentates, her simple soul meeting them with awe, yet with an absolute frankness; making no commonplace attempt at equality. Nothing but the beautiful union of a soul so firm and true with the circumstances and habits appropriate to her class, could have brought out the whole of Jeanie's virtues. Nor do her dangers, or the fame and success she has won, make for a moment that effect upon her which such experiences would make upon the temperament to which a desire of "bettering itself"—in one way as noble a desire as it is possible to entertain—is the chief of human motives. That desire has been the parent of many fine deeds, but its introduction would have desecrated Jeanie. With a higher and nobler art, the poet has perceived that the time which has been so important to her is, after all, but a little interval in her life, and that it has no power to upset the sweet balance of her nature, or whisper into her sound and healthful brain any extravagant wishes. The accidental and temporary pass away, the perennial and natural remain. Jeanie is greater than rank or gain could make her in the noble simplicity of her nature; and the elevation which is the natural reward of virtue in every fairy tale would be puerile and unworthy of her—false to every principle of art as well as nature. The pretty Perdita becomes a princess by every rule of romance, even when she is not an anonymous king's daughter to begin with; but Jeanie is above any such primitive reward. She is herself always, which is greater than any princess; and there never was a more exquisite touch than that in which, after her outburst of poetic eloquence to the Queen—eloquence to which she is stimulated by the very cli-

max of love and anxiety—she sinks serene into herself and contemplates Richmond Hill as the "braw rich feeding for the cows," the innocent dumb friends of her simple and unchanging soul. This is the true moderation of genius. An inferior writer would have kept Jeanie up at the poetic pitch, and lost her in an attempt to prove the elevating influence of high emotion—an elevation which in that case would have been as poor as it was artificial, and devoid of all true insight. Scott knew better; his humble maiden of the fields never ceases for a moment to be the best and highest thing he could make her—herself.

It is with a mingling of surprise and amusement that we read in the letter we have just quoted a contemporary's bold criticism upon the construction of this tale. When we think of it, we entirely agree with what is said, and have felt it all our life, though it has been a kind of irreverence to think of saying it. "The latter part of the fourth volume unavoidably flags," says this bold critic, whom we suppose by the style to be a woman. "After Jeanie is happily settled at Roseneath, we have no more to wish for." This is quite true. The postscriptal part of the story is unnecessary and uncalled for. We do not much care to know what became of Effie, nor have we any interest to speak of in her abandoned child. We are perfectly contented to part with them all, after the hurried farewell between the sisters, and when the minister's wife has been settled in homely dignity upon her beautiful peninsula. We cannot even make out very clearly for what object this postscript is added on. It does not help, but rather mars, the tale; it is huddled up and ended in a hurry, and no necessity of either art or nature demands its introduction. When we thus apply the more ordinary rules of criticism to a book which has taken possession of our very hearts, and twined itself in with our lives, we feel a certain surprise at our own temerity. For here once more Scott is as Shakespeare in our minds. His very errors are dear to us; they are, to our thinking, rather the beloved weaknesses of a dear friend—the little clouds that make his glory supportable, and which we love for his sake—than defects to be criticized in art. We can no more take him to pieces in cold blood than we could

"Peep and botanise
Upon our mother's grave"—

that last profanity of the intellect, de-

nounced as it deserves by another great poet. Far from us be this irreverence. It is well for the national heart, for its faithfulness and its true humanity, that it should possess poets and heroes who are above comment—men who can do no wrong. If history disagrees with our Shakespeare, so much the worse for history; and if our Scott, in a moment of weariness, runs contrary to a law of perfect art, why, then, it is not for such a crowned and reigning soul that laws of art were made. Let us be bound by them, who are as other men—but not our sovereign, of whose gentle errors, whose splendid mistakes and irregularities, we are proud.

While all this magnificent stream was going, Scott was, thank heaven, at the height of happiness, enjoying his harassed, laborious, and anxious life as few men enjoy the most undisturbed existence. He had to toil as none but himself could toil to pay John Ballantyne's terrible notes of hand, which seem to have dropped in at the most unexpected moments, to everybody's consternation—and to float off by his fairy vessels and ships of light the heavy mass of dead and valueless lumber which the brothers had accumulated. And while he was stirred to the last possibility of his powers by this gigantic task, he was himself extravagant, let us allow. He joined field to field with that strange craving for a little and a little more and which is one of the strongest appetites of human nature when once indulged in; and he bought armour and knick-knacks with a very rage of acquisition; and he opened his hospitable doors—the doors of the cottage which was soon to become a castle, the little house of Abbotsford which he could not content himself without turning into a great one—to all the world. This was very imprudent, let us confess, but it was no doubt a very condition of the wonderful inspired existence which he was leading. Without this margin of self-indulgence—the word seems harsh—of indulgence in his own innocent tastes and perfectly legitimate pleasures, it is probable that he could not have gone on at all. But for the dead weight of the Ballantynes and their concerns, his land-buying, his rocco, and his hospitality would all have been within his means; but granted the terrible clog, and the superhuman exertions necessary to drag on with it, Scott's personal extravagances were, we should be inclined to say, necessary to his very existence. They were to him what fresh air, fresh water, a draught

of generous wine, is to a man engaged in some immense athletic feat. They kept him going; the spring of pleasure and exhilaration which they communicated gave him vigour for his almost hopeless labour. Here was at least something in which there was satisfaction, something gained out of the wreck and fermentation of time. There are some of us now who know as well as Scott did what ease and consolation there is in now and then a piece of pure personal extravagance, an unjustifiable yet most balmy and sweet indulgence in the midst of hard and thankless labours. It is foolish—it makes the burden heavier and the toil harder—but it is life. Economy, self-denial, a few years' seclusion like that of Wordsworth, sharp saving and care of the pennies, since the pounds must go into the Ballantynes' miserable till, would very likely have set him right. But this, Scott—born, as people say, of the thriftest race in Christendom—was simply incapable of. Necessary poverty he would have borne as bravely as he did everything else, but voluntary economy was impossible to him. He had to live largely while he strode along under his burden, or to throw it down and die. Heaven help those who have such burdens on their shoulders! They must make out to live and labour somehow, and one way or other they have to pay for the power.

In the year 1817 another immense and novel success was attained in "Ivanhoe," which took England (especially) by storm, and which has since reigned among the very best of Scott's novels. "As a work of art 'Ivanhoe' is perhaps the first of all Scott's efforts in prose or verse," says Mr. Lockhart; but this is an opinion in which we cannot agree. It is a model of a romantic and picturesque narrative, perhaps the very finest and most animated sketch of ancient manners ever made, and certainly the noblest in the English language. But Mr. Lockhart adds: "I believe no reader who is capable of comprehending the author's Scotch character and Scotch dialogue will ever place even 'Ivanhoe' as a work of genius on the same level with 'Waverley,' 'Guy Mannering,' or the 'Heart of Midlothian.'" In this verdict we emphatically concur. The splendour of life and movement in this work, the ease with which it carries the reader back to a period so far beyond the limits of natural interest, and the dazzling reproduction before us of that early age, which, however far it be from absolute correctness, is henceforward our only picture of

the days of *Cœur-de-Lion* — all this, we repeat, cannot for a moment be put in the balance with *Jeanie Deans*. The triumph in one case is as great in degree as in the other, but it is infinitely inferior in kind.

It is impossible in our limited space to enter more fully into either the work or the life of this brilliant middle period. From the time when Constable took upon him the burden of the Ballantynes' responsibilities, until the time when Constable himself began to stagger in his too impetuous career, the pressure upon Scott diminished. He was led from extravagance to extravagance, all, alas! but too congenial to his mind, by the sanguine impetuosity of the publisher, who was ever ready to advance to him thousands upon thousands of pounds for future novels, without any stipulation, except that they were to be by the author of "*Waverley*." This time of his splendour and happiness is pathetic beyond description to the reader who knows what is coming, and is aware of the frightful precipice upon the very edge of which this beautiful, liberal, princely household was standing. But he was very happy, thank heaven! All the good that man could get out of life was his. He built himself the castle of his dreams — he gathered round him all the curious and beautiful things which he loved — he saw his children grow and thrive about him — he received, with a hospitality without bounds, everybody that was worth receiving in the three kingdoms, and a great many who very little merited that delightful and never failing welcome. Everything went well with him for these glorious abundant years — or at least appeared to go well. In was in 1825 that the first threatenings of ruin came. One of the commercial crises that overtake, it seems periodically, all great commercial countries, had arrived; and Constable, a most daring, sanguine, and enthusiastic man by nature, and gone further than man ought to go in a career of business, which reads like a publisher's fairy tale, and had rushed at last far beyond the limits of a well-founded commercial standing into the bog of debt and bills. Sir Walter — for by this time his title had been conferred upon him — had through the Ballantynes become involved in Constable's affairs in a manner which we have no time to explain, and he was the first, and indeed only, hope of the despairing publisher in his downfall. By this time he had attained his fifty-fourth year, a time when men begin to feel the comfort of slackening their labours. But

when this terrible news broke upon him, the first and only thought in Scott's mind was how he could best and most rapidly work off the enormous burden. We cannot enter into Constable's mad schemes, one of which was to borrow £100,000 from the Bank of England on the security of future works by the author of *Waverley*! All we can do is to keep to the thread of Scott's own actions and feelings. He had already suffered a great deal from serious illness, and had met with one or two discouragements, interruptions in the wonderful course of his literary success. In the saddest pathetic way he forebodes in his journal the possible failure of his powers in the gigantic struggle with ruin and shame which he was about to undertake. Nothing can be more sad than the following passage, written in the first pang of the discovery. As he gazes into the face of probable ruin, his whole life passes before him like a dream.

"For myself, if things go badly in London, the magic wand of the Unknown will be shivered in his grasp. He must then, faith, be termed the Too-well-known. The feast of fancy will be over with the feeling of independence. He will no longer have the delight of waking in the morning with bright ideas in his mind, hasten to commit them to paper, and count them monthly as the means of planting such scurs and purchasing such wastes; replacing dreams of fiction by other prospective visions of walks by

'Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves.'

"This cannot be; but I may work substantial husbandry; i.e., write history and such concerns. They will not be received with the same enthusiasm: at least, I much doubt, the general knowledge that an author must work for his bread, at least for improving his pittance, degrades him and his productions in the public eye. He falls into the second-rate rank of estimation.

'While the harness sore galls, and the spurs his side goad,
The high-mettled racer's a hack on the road.'

"It is a bitter thought, and if tears start at it, let them flow. My heart clings to the place I have created — there is scarce a tree in it that does not owe its being to me.

"What a life mine has been! — half educated, almost wholly neglected, or left to myself: stuffing my head with most nonsensical trash, and undervalued by most of my companions for a time; getting forward, and held a bold and a clever fellow, contrary to the opinion of all who thought me a mere dreamer; broken-hearted for two years; my heart handsomely pieced again — but the crack will remain to my dying day. Rich and poor four or five times; once on the verge of ruin, yet opened a new

source of wealth almost overflowing. Now to be broken in my pitch of pride, and nearly winged (unless good news should come): because London chooses to be in an uproar, and in the tumult of bulls and bears, a poor inoffensive lion like myself is pushed to the wall. But what is to be the end of it? God knows; and so ends the catechism.

"Nobody in the end can lose a penny by me—that is one comfort. Men will think pride has had a fall. Let them indulge their own pride in thinking that my fall will make them higher, or seem so at least. I have the satisfaction to recollect that my prosperity has been of advantage to many, and to hope that some at least will forgive my transient wealth on account of the innocence of my intentions, and my real wish to do good to the poor. Sad hearts, too, at Darnick, and in the cottages of Abbotsford. I have half resolved never to see the place again. How could I tread my hall with such a diminished crest? How live a poor indebted man where I was once the wealthy, the honoured? I was to have gone there on Saturday, in joy and prosperity, to receive my friends. My dogs will wait for me in vain. It is foolish—but the thoughts of parting from these dumb creatures have moved me more than any of the painful reflections I have put down. Poor things! I must get them kind masters! There may be yet those who, loving me, may love my dog, because it has been mine. I must end these gloomy forebodings, or I shall lose the tone of mind with which men should meet distress. I feel my dogs' feet on my knees—I hear them whining and seeking for me everywhere. This is nonsense, but it is just what they would do, could they know how things may be. An odd thought strikes me—When I die, will the journal of these days be taken out of the ebony cabinet at Abbotsford, and read with wonder, that the well-seeming Baronet should ever have experienced the risk of such a hitch?—or will it be found in some obscure lodging-house, where the decayed son of chivalry has hung up his scoutcheon, and where one or two old friends will look grave and whisper to each other, 'Poor gentleman'—'a well-meaning man'—'nobody's enemy but his own'—'thought his parts would never wear out'—family poorly left'—'pity he took that foolish title'? Who can answer this question?

"Poor Will Laidlaw!—poor Tom Purdie!—such news will wring your hearts, and many a poor fellow's besides, to whom my prosperity was daily bread."

Further on he breaks into an apostrophe more touching still, one which makes the heart contract, and the eyes fill with a too-painful sympathy. "Oh Invention, rouse thyself!" he cries; "may man be kind, may God be propitious! The worst is," he adds, with unspeakable and most pathetic humility, "*I never quite know when*

I am right or wrong; and Ballantyne, who does know in some degree, will fear to tell me." This was in January 1826, some few months after the catastrophe had happened. Yet the man who writes thus—with a cry of uncontrollable anguish which some few minds will be able to realize but too deeply, and which must impress all—by sheer work, by the invention which he thus invoked, did, between the close of 1825 and the 10th of June 1827, "diminish his debt by an amount which," Mr. Lockhart tells us, "cannot be stated at less than £28,000!" This was produced by the novel of "*Woodstock*," for which £8000 was given; by the "*Life of Napoleon*," which produced £18,000; and by some portion of the "*Chronicles of the Canongate*." These immense earnings were accompanied by corresponding economies; and though the courageous cheerfulness of his mind broke down at intervals under the terrible weight, he pursued his course with a passion of zeal and earnestness. In two years he had cleared off £40,000, and in 1830 the debt was reduced to £54,000, considerably less than half the original sum. The creditors, in admiration and gratitude, presented him with his own library, plate, and furniture—a gift which he received with simple and profound pleasure. They had before allowed him to continue to live in Abbotsford. But from this time a cold shadow began to creep over the great life. He had one or two fits of paralysis, trifling in themselves, but sadly sufficient to show what was coming. He tells us himself that he has "awakened feelings" which he "cannot bear up against," confusions of head and thought, dreariness, and pain. "A man carries no scales about him to ascertain his own value," he cries once more, with sharp anguish in his tone. The power is gliding away from him unawares. In 1831 he has "a remonstrance from these critical people, Ballantyne and Cadell, against the last volume of '*Count Robert*.' I suspect their opinion will be found to coincide with that of the public," he adds, with a desperate calmness; "at least it is not very different from my own. The blow is a stunning one, I suppose, for I scarcely feel it. It is singular, but it comes with as little surprise as if I had a remedy ready; yet, God knows, I am at sea in the dark, and the vessel leaking. I think, into the bargain. . . . I have suffered terribly, that is the truth, rather in body than in mind, and I often wish I could lie down and sleep without waking. But I will fight it out if I can. It would

argue too great an attachment of consequence to my literary labours to sink under critical clamour. Did I know how to begin I would begin again this very day, although I know I should sink at the end."

The writer who transcribes these words, and who follows with a feeling which is more than sympathy the last awful pause of coming impotence which shadows over this valiant ever-labouring soul, can scarcely see the lines for tears.

Thus he fell who had worked, we believe, as never man worked before, with a steadiness, a bravery, an indomitable gaiety of heart, which raises him as high among the heroes of his race as his genius does among its poets. This last prodigious effort was to clear his honest name, and to preserve the dear home which had been for so long the delight of his heart; and if he himself had helped to make the ruin which he sought single-handed to repair, it was not his kind profusion, congenial magnificence, that was the sole, or indeed the chief, causes of that overthrow. But what others had done he only struggled to undo—struggled till the pen fell from his feeble hand—till the last ray of light sunk and faded from his despairing soul. He felt the light and the power steal away from him as the darkened days went on. His wife died by his side when he most wanted solace; yet with one faithful child standing by him of all his once joyous family his daughter Anne, he still toiled and struggled on until nature refused to struggle more.

We need not attempt to touch on the last despairing journey to Italy. He went to Rome, Naples, places he would have loved to roam about and take into his heart, with one sad moaning cry everywhere to get home—to die at home.

And so he did. They took him back to his Abbotsford for the last scene of all. From that dearest familiar place his most Christian, most honest, most courteous, noble, and gentle soul must have known its way better to the open gates of heaven.

And what can we say of Walter Scott which all the world has not said already? His last fierce and terrible struggle against those giant powers of Debt and Shame, which are to this generation what dragons and devouring monsters were to the past, humbling, as he felt it, and as many a man has felt it, was in reality the greatest, if saddest, glory of his career. It was the thing he could bear worst, and he bore it like a hero. The greatest works of his genius pale before this work of his life. We shake our head and sigh over the fatal darkness that enveloped his end. He himself mournfully speaks of the degradation which, in the public eye, attends the author who works for his bread. But if such a degradation ever existed, he made an end of it; and never was battle against the most chivalrous of foes on the noblest field more splendidly fought than this dark and desperate battle against the modern demons whose grip is ruin, and whose conquest gives no fame.

His bones are laid by the Tweed, as he would have had them. But the heirs and descendants for whom he laboured have all but died out of the land, a pathetic moral to his tale of tenderness and most natural ambition. Yet Scott has not lived in vain; for Scotland is his monument, and the nation his heir, proud to her heart of her poet, the type of our race, the flower of our genius, the noblest and truest, as well as most gifted, of all Scots who glory in that name.

DR. GEORGE STUCKLEY gives an interesting account of the Western Mole (*Scalops Townsendii*), which occurs in the Oregon and Washington Territories. He kept a specimen for some time in a box, at the bottom of which was a quantity of rich black loam. When disturbed it instinctively endeavoured to escape by burrowing in the earth of the box, using its long-pointed nose as a wedge to pioneer the way. The excavation was performed by its broad stout hands, which, surmounted with their long sharp claws, seemed admirably

adapted for the purpose. The fore paws were worked alternately as in swimming, the hind feet acting as propellers. Although the earth in the box was soft and friable, it was nevertheless a matter of astonishment to see how rapidly the little creature could travel through it. When he slept it was in a sitting posture, with the body curled forward and the neck strongly bent, so that the nose rested between the hind legs. He thus assumed the shape of a ball, evidently his ordinary position when asleep.

Nature.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A TALK WITH CHARLEY.

THE following Monday, in the evening, Charley arrived, in great spirits, more excited indeed than I liked to see him. There was a restlessness in his eye which made me especially anxious, for it raised a doubt whether the appearance of good spirits was not the result merely of resistance to some anxiety. But I hoped my companionship, with the air and exercise of the country, would help to quiet him again. In the late twilight we took a walk together up and down my field.

"I suppose you let your mother know you were coming, Charley?" I said.

"I did not," he answered. "My father must have nothing to lay to their charge in case he should hear of our meeting."

"But he has not forbidden you to go home, has he?"

"No, certainly. But he as good as told me I was not to go home while he was away. He does not wish me to be there without his presence to counteract my evil influences. He seems to regard my mere proximity as dangerous. I sometimes wonder whether the severity of his religion may not have affected his mind. Almost all madness, you know, turns either upon love or religion."

"So I have heard. I doubt it—with men. It may be with women.—But you won't surprise them? It might startle your mother too much. She is not strong, you say. Hadn't I better tell Clara Coningham? She can let them know you are here."

"It would be better."

"What do you say to going with me to-morrow? I will send my man with a note in the morning."

He looked a little puzzled and undecided, but said at length,

"I daresay your plan is the best. How long has Miss Coningham been here?"

"About ten days, I think."

He looked thoughtful, and made no answer.

"I see, you are afraid of my falling in love with her again," I said. "I confess I like her much better than I did, but I am not quite sure about her yet. She is very bewitching anyhow, and a little more might make me lose my heart to her. The evident dislike she has to Brotherton would of itself recommend her to any friend of yours or mine."

He turned his face away.

"Do not be anxious about me," I went

on. "The first shadowy conviction of any untruthfulness in her, if not sufficient to change my feelings at once, would at once initiate a backward movement in them."

He kept his face turned away, and I was perplexed. After a few moments of silence, he turned it towards me again, as if relieved by some resolution suddenly formed, and said with a smile under a still clouded brow,

"Well, old fellow, we'll see. It'll all come right, I daresay. Write your note early and we'll follow it. How glad I *shall* be to have a glimpse of that blessed mother of mine without her attendant dragon!"

"For God's sake don't talk of your father so. Surely after all he is a good man!"

"Then I want a new reading of the word."

"He loves God at least."

"I won't stop to inquire—" said Charley, plunging at once into argument—"what influence for good it might or might not have to love a non-existence: I will only ask—Is it a good God he loves or a bad one? If the latter, he can hardly be called good for loving him."

"But if there be a God at all, he must be a good God."

"Suppose the true God to be the good God, it does not follow that my father worships *him*. There is such a thing as worshipping a false God. At least the Bible recognizes it. For my part, I find myself compelled to say—either that the true God is not a good God, or that my father does not worship the true God. If you say he worships the God of the Bible, I either admit or dispute the assertion, but set it aside as altering nothing; for if I admit it, the argument lies thus; my father worships a bad God; my father worships the God of the Bible: therefore the God of the Bible is a bad God; and if I admit the authority of the Bible, then the true God is a bad God. If however I dispute the assertion that he worships the God of the Bible, I am left to show if I can, that the God of the Bible is a good God, and, if I admit the authority of the Bible, to worship another than my father's God. If I do not admit the authority of the Bible, there may for all that be a good God, or which is next best to a perfectly good God, there may be no God at all."

"Put like a lawyer, Charley; and yet I would venture to join issue with your first

assertion — on which the whole argument is founded — that your father worships a bad God."

"Assuredly what he asserts concerning his God is bad."

Admitted; but does he assert *only* bad things of his God?"

"I daren't say that. But God is one. You will hardly dare the proposition that an infinite being may be partly good and partly bad."

"No. I heartily hold that God must be *one* — a proposition far more essential than that there is one God — so far at least as my understanding can judge. It is only in the limited human nature that good and evil can co-exist. But there is just the point: we are not speaking of the absolute God, but of the idea of a man concerning that God. You could suppose yourself utterly convinced of a good God long before your ideas of goodness were so correct as to render you incapable of attributing anything wrong to that God. Supposing such to be the case, and that you came afterwards to find that you had been thinking something wrong about him, do you think you would therefore grant that you had been believing either in a wicked or in a false God?"

"Certainly not."

"Then you must give your father the same scope. He attributes what we are absolutely certain are bad things to his God — and yet he may believe in a good God, for the good in his idea of God is alone that in virtue of which he is able to believe in him. No mortal can believe in the bad."

"He puts the evil foremost in his creed and exhortations."

"That may be. Few people know their own deeper minds. The more potent a power in us, I suspect it is the more hidden from our scrutiny."

"If there be a God then, Wilfrid, he is very indifferent to what his creatures think of him."

"Perhaps very patient and hopeful, Charley — who knows? Perhaps he will not force himself upon them, but help them to grow into the true knowledge of him. Your father may worship the true God, and yet have only a little of that knowledge."

A silence followed. At length —

"Thank you for my father," said Charley.

"Thank my uncle," I said.

"For not being like my father? — I do," he returned.

It was the loveliest evening that brooded

round us as we walked. The moon had emerged from a rippled sea of gray cloud, over which she cast her dull opaline halo. Great masses and banks of cloud lay about the rest of the heavens, and in the dark rifts between, a star or two were visible, gazing from the awful distance.

"I wish I could let it into me, Wilfrid," said Charley, after we had been walking in silence for some time along the grass.

"Let what into you, Charley?"

"The night and the blue and the stars."

"Why don't you then?"

"I hate being taken in. The more pleasant a self-deception, the less I choose to submit to it."

"That is reasonable. But where lies the deception?"

"I don't say it's a deception. I only don't know that it isn't."

"Please explain."

"I mean what you call the beauty of the night."

"Surely there can be little question of that?"

"Ever so little is enough. Suppose I asked you wherein its beauty consisted: would you be satisfied if I said — In the arrangement of the blue and the white, with the sparkles of yellow, and the colours about the scarce visible moon?"

"Certainly not. I should reply that it lay in the gracious peace of the whole — troubled only with the sense of some lovely secret behind, of which itself was but the half-modelled representation, and therefore the reluctant outcome."

"Suppose I rejected the latter half of what you say, admitting the former, but judging it only the fortuitous result of the half-necessary, half-fortuitous concurrences of nature. Suppose I said: — The air which is necessary to our life, happens to be blue; the stars can't help shining through it and making it look deep; and the clouds are just there because they must be somewhere till they fall again; all which is more agreeable to us than fog because we feel more comfortable in weather of the sort, whence, through complacency and habit, we have got to call it beautiful: — suppose I said this, would you accept it?"

"Such a theory would destroy my delight in nature altogether."

"Well, isn't it the truth?"

"It would be easy to show that the sense of beauty does not spring from any amount of comfort; but I do not care to pursue the argument from that starting-point. — I confess when you have once

waked the questioning spirit, and I look up at the clouds and the stars with what I may call sharpened eyes—eyes, that is, which assert their seeing, and so render themselves incapable for the time of submitting to impressions, I am as blind as any Sadducee could desire. I see blue, and white, and gold, and, in short, a tent-roof somewhat ornate. I daresay if I were in a miserable mood, having been deceived and disappointed like Hamlet, I should with him see there nothing but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. But I know that when I am passive to its powers, I am aware of a presence altogether different—of a something at once soothing and elevating, powerful to move shame—even contrition and the desire of amendment.”

“Yes, yes,” said Charley hastily. “But let me suppose further—and, perhaps you will allow, better—that this blueness—I take a part for the whole—belongs essentially and of necessity to the atmosphere, itself so essential to our physical life; suppose also that this blue has essential relation to our spiritual nature—taking for the moment our spiritual nature for granted—suppose, in a word, all nature so related, not only to our physical but to our spiritual nature, that it and we form an organic whole full of action and reaction between the parts—would that satisfy you? would it enable you to look on the sky this night with absolute pleasure? would you want nothing more?”

I thought for a little before I answered.

“No, Charley,” I said at last—“it would not satisfy me. For it would indicate that beauty might be after all but the projection of my own mind—the name I gave to a harmony between that around me and that within me. There would then be nothing absolute in beauty. There would be no such thing in itself. It would exist only as a phase of me, when I was in a certain mood; and when I was earthly-minded, passionate, or troubled, it would be nowhere. But in my best moods I feel that in nature lies the form and fashion of a peace and grandeur so much beyond anything in me, that they rouse the sense of poverty and incompleteness and blame in the want of them.”

“Do you perceive whither you are leading yourself?”

“I would rather hear you say.”

“To this then—that the peace and grandeur of which you speak, must be a mere accident, therefore an unreality and pure appearance, or the outcome and representation of a peace and grandeur which,

not to be found in us, yet exist, and make use of this frame of things to set forth and manifest themselves in order that we may recognize and desire them.”

“Granted—heartily.”

“In other words—you lead yourself inevitably to a God manifest in nature—not as a powerful being—that is a theme absolutely without interest to me—but as possessed in himself of the original pre-existent beauty, the counterpart of which in us we call art, and who has fashioned us so that we must fall down and worship the image of himself which he has set up.”

“That’s good, Charley. I’m so glad you’ve worked that out!”

“It doesn’t in the least follow that I believe it. I cannot even say I wish I did:—for what I know, that might be to wish to be deceived. Of all miseries—to believe in a lovely thing and find it not true—that must be the worst.”

“You might never find it out though,” I said. “You might be able to comfort yourself with it all your life.”

“I was wrong,” he cried fiercely. “Never to find it out would be the hell of all hells. Wilfrid, I am ashamed of you!”

“So should I be, Charley, if I had meant it. I only wanted to make you speak. I agree with you entirely. But I *do* wish we could be quite sure of it;—for I don’t believe any man can ever be sure of a thing that is not true.”

“My father is sure that the love of nature is not only a delusion, but a snare. I should have no right to object, were he not equally sure of the existence of a God who created and rules it.—By the way, if I believed in a God, I should say *creates* not *created*.—I told him once, not long ago, when he fell out upon nature—he had laid hands on a copy of *Endymion* belonging to me—I don’t know how the devil he got it—I asked him whether he thought the devil made the world. You should have seen the white wrath he went into at the question! I told him it was generally believed one or the other did make the world. He told me God made the world, but sin had unmade it. I asked him if it was sin that made it so beautiful. He said it was sin that made me think it so beautiful. I remarked how very ugly it must have looked when God had just finished it! He called me a blasphemer, and walked to the door. I stopped him for a moment by saying that I thought after all he must be right, for according to geologists the world must have been a horrible place and full of the most hideous creatures before sin came and made it

lovely. When he saw my drift, he strode up to me like — well, very like his own God, I should think — and was going to strike me. I looked him in the eyes without moving, as if he had been a madman. He turned and left the room. I left the house, and went back to London the same night."

"Oh, Charley! Charley! that was too bad!"

"I knew it, Wilfrid, and yet I did it! But if your father had made a downright coward of you, afraid to speak the truth, or show what you were thinking, you also might find that when anger gave you a fictitious courage, you could not help breaking out. It's only another form of cowardice, I know; and I am as much ashamed of it as you could wish me to be."

"Have you made it up with him since?"

"I've never seen him since."

"Haven't you written then?"

"No. Where's the use? He never would understand me. He knows no more of the condition of my mind than he does of the other side of the moon. If I offered such he would put aside all apology for my behaviour to him — repudiating himself, and telling me it was the wrath of an offended God, not of an earthly parent I had to deprecate. If I told him I had only spoken against his false God — how far would that go to mend the matter, do you think?"

"Not far, I must allow. But I am very sorry."

"I wouldn't care if I could be sure of anything — or even sure that if I were sure, I shouldn't be mistaken."

"I'm afraid you're very morbid, Charley."

"Perhaps. But you cannot deny that my father is sure of things that you believe utterly false."

"I suspect, however, that if we were able to get a bird's-eye view of his mind and all its workings, we should discover that what he called assurance was not the condition you would call such. You would find it was not the certainty you covet."

"I have thought of that, and it is my only comfort. But I am sick of the whole subject. See that cloud! — Isn't it like Death on the pale horse? What fun it must be for the cherubs on such a night as this, to go blowing the clouds into fantastic shapes with their trumpet cheeks!"

Assurance was ever what Charley wanted, and unhappily the sense of intellectual insecurity weakened his moral action.

Once more I reveal a haunting uneasiness in the expression of a hope that the ordered character of the conversation I have just set down may not render it incredible to my reader. I record the result alone. The talk itself was far more desultory, and in consequence of questions, objections, and explanations, divaricated much from the comparatively direct line I have endeavoured to give it here. In the hope of making my reader understand both Charley and myself, I have sought to make the winding and rough path straight and smooth.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

TAPESTRY.

HAVING heard what I was about at the Hall, Charley expressed a desire to take a share in my labours, especially as thereby he would be able to see more of his mother and sister, I took him straight to the book-rooms, and we were hard at work when Clara entered.

"Here is your old friend Charley Osborne," I said. "You remember Miss Coningham, Charley, I know."

He advanced in what seemed a strangely embarrassed — indeed rather sheepish manner, altogether unlike his usual bearing. I attributed it to a doubt whether Clara would acknowledge their old acquaintance. On her part, she met him with some frankness, but I thought also a rather embarrassed look, which was the more surprising as I had let her know he was coming. But they shook hands and in a little while we were all chatting comfortably.

"Shall I go and tell Mrs. Osborne you are here?" she asked.

"Yes, if you please," said Charley, and she went.

In a few minutes Mrs. Osborne and Mary entered. The meeting was full of affection, but to my eye looked like a meeting of the living and the dead in a dream — there was such an evident sadness in it, as if each was dimly aware that they met but in appearance and were in reality far asunder. I could not doubt that however much they loved him, and however little they sympathized with his father's treatment of him, his mother and sister yet regarded him as separated from them by a great gulf — that of culpable unbelief. But they seemed therefore only the more anxious to please and serve him — their anxiety revealing itself in an eagerness painfully like the service offered to one whom the doctors have given up,

and who may now have any indulgence he happens to fancy.

"I say, mother," said Charley, who seemed to strive after an airier manner even than usual — "couldn't you come and help us? It would be so jolly!"

"No, my dear; I mustn't leave Lady Brotherton. That would be rude, you know. But I daresay Mary might."

"Oh, please, mamma! I should like it so much — especially if Clara would stop! But perhaps Mr. Cumbermede — we ought to have asked him first."

"Yes — to be sure — he's the foreman," said Charley. "But he's not a bad fellow, and won't be disobliging. Only you must do as he tells you, or it'll be the worse for us all. I know him."

"I shall be delighted," I said. "I can give both the ladies plenty to do. Indeed I regard Miss Coningham as one of my hands already. Won't Miss Brotherton honour us today, Miss Coningham?"

"I will go and ask her," said Clara.

They all withdrew. In a little while I had four assistants, and we got on famously. The carpenter had been hard at work, and the room next the armoury, the oakpanelling of which had shown considerable signs of decay, had been repaired, and the shelves, which were in tolerable condition, were now ready to receive their burden, and reflect the first rays of a dawning order.

Plenty of talk went on during the dusting and arranging of the books by their size, which was the first step towards a cosmos. These was a certain playful naïveté about Charley's manner and speech when he was happy which gave him an instant advantage with women, and even made the impression of wit where there was only grace. Although he was perfectly capable, however, of engaging to any extent in the *badinage* which has ever been in place between young men and women since dawning humanity was first aware of a lovely difference, there was always a certain indescribable dignity about what he said which I now see could have come only from a *believing* heart. I use the word advisedly, but would rather my reader should find what I mean than require me to explain it fully. Belief to my mind lies chiefly in the practical recognition of the high and pure.

Miss Brotherton looked considerably puzzled sometimes, and indeed out of her element. But her dignity had no chance with so many young people, and was compelled to thaw visibly; and while growing more friendly with the others, she could

not avoid unbending towards me also, notwithstanding I was a neighbour and the son of a dairy-farmer.

Mary Osborne took little part in the fun beyond a smile, or in the more solid conversation beyond an assent or an ordinary remark. I did not find her very interesting. An onlooker would probably have said she lacked expression. But the stillness upon her face bore to me the shadow of a reproof. Perhaps it was only a want of sympathy with what was going on around her. Perhaps her soul was either far withdrawn from its present circumstances, or not yet awake to the general interests of life. There was little in the form or hue of her countenance to move admiration, beyond a complexion without spot. It was very fair and delicate, with little more colour in it than in the white rose, which but the faintest warmth redeems from dead whiteness. Her features were good in form, but in no way remarkable; her eyes were of the so-called hazel, which consists of a mingling of brown and green; her figure was good but seemed unelastic, and she had nothing of her brother's gaiety or grace of movement or expression. I do not mean that either her motions or her speech was clumsy — there was simply nothing to remark in them beyond the absence of anything special. In a word, I did not find her interesting, save as the sister of my delightful Charley, and the sharer of his mother's griefs concerning him.

"If I had as good help in the afternoon," I said, "we should have all the books on the shelves to-night, and be able to set about assorting them to-morrow."

"I am sorry I cannot come this afternoon," said Miss Brotherton. "I should have been most happy if I could. It is really very pleasant — notwithstanding the dust. But Mrs. Osborne and mamma want me to go with them to Minstercombe. You will lunch with us to-day, won't you?" she added, turning to Charley.

"Thank you, Miss Brotherton," he replied; "I should have been delighted, but I am not my own master — I am Cumbermede's slave at present, and can eat and drink only when and where he chooses."

"You must stay with your mother, Charley," I said. "You cannot refuse Miss Brotherton."

She could thereupon scarcely avoid extending the invitation to me, but I declined it on some pretext or other, and I was again, thanks to Lilith, back from my

dinner before they had finished luncheon. The carriage was at the door when I rode up, and the moment I heard it drive away, I went to the dining-room to find my coadjutors. The only person there was Miss Pease. A thought struck me.

"Won't you come and help us, Miss Pease?" I said. "I have lost one of my assistants, and I am very anxious to get the room we are at now so far finished to-night."

A smile found its way to her cold eyes, and set the blue sparkling for one briefest moment.

"It is very kind of you, Mr. Cumbermede, but —"

"Kind!" I exclaimed — "I want your help, Miss Pease."

"I'm afraid —"

"Lady Brotherton can't want you now. Do oblige me. You will find it fun."

She smiled outright — evidently at the fancy of any relation between her and fun.

"Do go and put a cap on and a cotton dress and come," I persisted.

Without another word she left the room. I was still alone in the library when she came to me, and having shown her what I wanted, we were already busy when the rest arrived.

"Oh Peasey! Are you there?" said Clara, as she entered — not unkindly.

"I have got a substitute for Miss Brotherton, you see, Clara — Miss Coningham — I beg your pardon."

"There's no occasion to beg my pardon. Why shouldn't you call me Clara if you like? It is my name."

"Charley might be taking the same liberty," I returned, extemporizing a reason.

"And why *shouldn't* Charley take the same liberty?" she retorted.

"For no reason that I know," I answered, a trifle hurt, "if it be agreeable to the lady."

"And the gentleman," she amended.

"And the gentleman," I added.

"Very well. Then we are all good boys and girls. Now Peasey, I'm very glad you're come. Only mind you get back to your place before the ogress returns, or you'll have your head snapped off."

Was I right, or was it the result of the slight offence I had taken? — Was the gracious, graceful, naive, playful, daring woman — or could she be — or had she been just the least little bit vulgar? I am afraid I was then more sensitive to vulgarity in a woman, real or fancied, than even to wickedness — at least I thought I

was. At all events, the first conviction of anything common or unrefined in a woman would at once have placed me beyond the sphere of her attraction. But I had no time to think the suggestion over now; and in a few minutes — whether she saw the cloud on my face I cannot tell — Clara had given me a look and a smile which had banished the possibility of my thinking about it for the present.

Miss Pease worked more diligently than any of the party. She seldom spoke, and when she did, it was in a gentle, subdued, almost mournful tone; but the company of the young people without the restraint of her mistress, was evidently grateful to what of youth yet remained in her oppressed being.

Before it was dark we had got the books all upon the shelves, and leaving Charley with the ladies, I walked home.

I found Styles had got everything out of the lumber-room except a heavy oak chest in the corner, which, our united strength being insufficient to displace it, I concluded was fixed to the floor. I collected all the keys my aunt had left behind her, but sought the key of this chest in vain. For my uncle, I never saw a key in his possession. Even what little money he might have in the house, was only put away at the back of an open drawer. For the present, therefore, we had to leave it undisturbed.

When Charley came home, we went to look at it together. It was of oak, and somewhat elaborately carved.

I was very restless in bed that night. The air was close and hot, and as often as I dropped half asleep I woke again with a start. My thoughts kept stupidly running on the old chest. It had mechanically possessed me. I felt no disturbing curiosity concerning its contents; I was not annoyed at the want of the key; it was only that, like a nursery rhyme that keeps repeating itself over and over in the half-sleeping brain, this chest kept rising before me till I was out of patience with its intrusiveness. It brought me wide awake at last; and I thought, as I could not sleep, I would have a search for the key. I got out of bed, put on my dressing gown and slippers, lighted my chamber candle, and made an inroad upon the contents of the closet in my room, which had apparently remained undisturbed since the morning when I missed my watch. I believe I had never entered it since. Almost the first thing I came upon was the pendulum, which woke a strange sensation for which I could not account,

until by slow degrees the twilight memory of the incidents connected with it half dawned upon me. I searched the whole place, but not a key could I find.

I started violently at the sound of something like a groan, and for the briefest imaginable moment forgot that my grannie was dead, and thought it must come from her room. It may be remembered that such a sound had led me to her in the middle of the night on which she died. Whether I really heard the sound, or only fancied I heard it — by some half mechanical action of the brain, roused by the association of ideas — I do not even yet know. It may have been changed or expanded into a groan, from one of those innumerable sounds heard in every old house in the stillness of the night; for such, in the absence of the correction given by other sounds, assume place and proportion as it were at their pleasure. What lady has not at midnight mistaken the trail of her own dress on the carpet, in a silent house, for some tumult in a distant room? Curious to say, however, it now led to the same action as the groan I had heard so many years before; for I caught up my candle at once, and took my way down to the kitchen, and up the winding stair behind the chimney to grannie's room. Strange as it may seem, I had not been in it since my return; for my thoughts had been so entirely occupied with other things, that, although I now and then looked forward with considerable expectation to a thorough search of the place, especially of the bureau, I kept it up as a *bonne bouche*, the anticipation of which was consolation enough for the postponement.

I confess it was with no little quivering of the spirit that I sought this chamber in the middle of the night. For, by its association with one who had from my earliest recollection seemed like something forgotten and left behind in the onward rush of life, it was, far more than anything else in the house, like a piece of the past embedded in the present — a fragment that had been, by some eddy in the stream of time, prevented from gliding away down its course, and left to lie for ever in a cranny of the solid shore of unmoving space. But although subject to more than the ordinary tremor at the thought of unknown and invisible presences, I must say for myself that I had never yielded so far as to allow such tremor to govern my actions. Even in my dreams I have resisted ghostly terrors, and can recall one in which I so far conquered a

lady-ghost who took every means of overcoming me with terror, that at length she fell in love with me, whereupon my fear vanished utterly — a conceited fancy, and as such let it fare.

I opened the door then with some trembling, half expecting to see first the white of my grannie's cap against the tall back of her dark chair. But my senses were sound, and no such illusion seized me. All was empty, cheerless, and musty. Grannie's bed, with its white curtains, looked as if it were mouldering away after her. The dust lay thick on the counterpane of patchwork silk. The bureau stood silent with all its secrets. In the fireplace was the same brushwood and coals which Nannie laid the morning of grannie's death: interrupted by the discovery of my presence, she had left it, and that fire had never been lighted. Half for the sake of companionship, half because the air felt sepulchral and I was thinly clad, I put my candle to it and it blazed up. My courage revived, and after a little more gazing about the room, I ventured to sit down in my grannie's chair and watch the glowing fire. Warned however by the shortness of my candle, I soon rose to proceed with my search, and turned towards the bureau.

Here, however, the same difficulty occurred. The top of the bureau was locked as when I had last tried it, and not one of my keys would fit it. At a loss what to do or where to search, I dropped again into the chair by the fire, and my eyes went roving about the room. They fell upon a black dress which hung against the wall. At the same moment I remembered that when she gave me the watch she took the keys of the bureau from her pocket. I went to the dress and found a pocket, not indeed in the dress, but hanging under it from the same peg. There her keys were! It would have been a marvel to me how my aunt came to leave them undisturbed all those years, but for the instant suggestion that my uncle must have expressed a wish to that effect. With eager hand I opened the bureau. Besides many trinkets in the drawers, some of them of exceedingly antique form, and, I fancied, of considerable value, I found in the pigeon-holes what I was far more pleased to discover — a good many letters, carefully tied in small bundles, with ribbon which had lost all determinable colour. These I resolved to take an early opportunity of reading, but replaced for the present, and, having come at last upon one hopeful-looking key, I made haste to

return before my candle, which was already flickering in the socket, should go out altogether, and leave me darkling. When I reached the kitchen, however, I found the gray dawn already breaking. I retired once more to my chamber, and was soon fast asleep.

In the morning, my first care was to try the key. It fitted. I oiled it well, and then tried the lock. I had to use considerable force, but at last there came a great clang that echoed through the empty room. When I raised the lid, I knew by the weight it was of iron. In fact, the whole chest was iron with a casing of oak. The lock threw eight bolts, which laid hold of a rim that ran all round the lip of the chest. It was full of "very ancient and fish-like" papers and parchments. I do not know whether my father or grandfather had ever disturbed them, but I am certain my uncle never had, for as far back as I can remember, the part of the room where it stood was filled with what had been condemned as lumber.

Charley was intensely interested in the discovery, and would have sat down at once to examine the contents of the chest, had I not persuaded him to leave them till the afternoon, that we might get on with our work at the Hall.

The second room was now ready for the carpenter, but having had a peep of tapestry behind the shelves, a new thought had struck me. If it was in good preservation, it would be out of the question to hide it behind books.

I fear I am getting tedious. My apology for diffuseness in this part of my narrative is that some threads of the fringe of my own fate show every now and then in the record of these proceedings. I confess also that I hang back from certain things which are pressing nearer with their claim for record.

When we reached the Hall, I took the carpenter with me, and had the bookshelves taken down. To my disappointment we found that an oblong piece of some size was missing from the centre of the tapestry on one of the walls. That which covered the rest of the room was entire. It was all of good Gobelins work—somewhat tame in colour. The damaged portion represented a wooded landscape with water and reedy flowers and aquatic fowl, towards which in the distance came a hunter with a crossbow in his hand, and a queer, lurcher-looking dog bounding uncouthly at his heel: the edge of the vacant space cut off the dog's tail and the top of the man's crossbow.

I went to find Sir Giles. He was in the dining room, where they had just finished breakfast.

"Ah, Mr. Cumbermede!" he said, rising as I entered, and holding out his hand—"here already?"

"We have uncovered some tapestry, Sir Giles, and I want you to come and look at, if you please."

"I will," he answered. "Would any of you ladies like to go and see it?"

His daughter and Clara rose. Lady Brotherton and Mrs. Osborne sat still. Mary, glancing at her mother, remained seated also.

"Won't you come, Miss Pease?" I said.

She looked almost alarmed at the audacity of the proposal, and murmured, "No, thank you," with a glance at Lady Brotherton, which appeared as involuntary as it was timid.

"Is my son with you?" asked Mrs. Osborne.

I told her he was.

"I shall look in upon you before the morning is over," she said quietly.

They were all pleased with the tapestry, and the ladies offered several conjectures as to the cause of the mutilation.

"It would be a shame to cover it up again—would it not Sir Giles?" I remarked.

"Indeed it would," he assented.

"If it weren't for that broken piece," said Clara. "That spoils it altogether. I should have the books up again as soon as possible."

"It does look shabby," said Charley. "I can't say I should enjoy having anything so defective always before my eyes."

"We must have it taken down very carefully, Hobbes," said Sir Giles, turning to the carpenter.

"Must it come down, Sir Giles?" I interposed. "I think it would be risky. No one knows how long it has been there, and though it might hang where it is for a century yet, and look nothing the worse, it can't be strong, and at best we could not get it down without some injury, while it is a great chance if it would fit any other place half as well."

"What do you propose then?"

"This is the largest room of the six, and the best lighted—with that lovely oriel window: I would venture to propose, Sir Giles, that it should be left clear of books and fitted up as a reading-room."

"But how would you deal with that frightful lacuna in the tapestry?" said Charley.

"Yes," said Sir Giles; "it won't look handsome, I fear—do what you will."

"I think I know how to manage it," I said. "If I succeed to your satisfaction, will you allow me to carry out the project?"

"But what are we to do with the books then? We shan't have room for them."

"Couldn't you let me have the next room beyond?"

"You mean to turn me out, I suppose," said Clara.

"Is there tapestry on your walls?"

"Not a thread—all wainscot—painted."

"Then your room would be the very thing!"

"It is much larger than any of these," she said.

"Then do let us have it for the library, Sir Giles," I entreated.

"I will see what Lady Brotherton says," he replied, and left the room.

In a few minutes we heard his step returning.

"Lady Brotherton has no particular objection to giving up the room you want," he said. "Will you see Mrs. Wilson, Clara, and arrange with her for your accommodation?"

"With pleasure. I don't mind where I'm put—except it be in Lord Edward's room—where the ghost is."

"You mean the one next to ours? There is no ghost there, I assure you," said Sir Giles laughing, as he again left the room with short heavy steps.—"Manage it all to your own mind, Mr. Cumbermede. I shall be satisfied," he called back as he went.

"Until further notice," I said with grandiloquence, "I request that no one may come into this room. If you are kind enough to assort the books we put up yesterday, oblige me by going through the armoury. I must find Mrs. Wilson."

"I will go with you," said Clara. "I wonder where the old thing will want to put me. I'm not going where I don't like, I can tell her," she added, following me down the stair and across the hall and the court.

We found the housekeeper in her room. I accosted her in a friendly way. She made but a bare response.

"Would you kindly show me where I slept that night I lost my sword, Mrs. Wilson?" I said.

"I know nothing about your sword, Mr. Cumbermede," she answered, shaking her head and pursing up her mouth.

"I don't ask you anything about it, Mrs. Wilson; I only ask you where I slept the night I lost it."

"Really, Mr. Cumbermede, you can hardly expect me to remember in what room a visitor slept—let me see it must be twelve or fifteen years ago! I do not take it upon me."

"Oh! never mind then. I referred to the circumstances of that night, thinking they might help you to remember the room; but it is of no consequence; I shall find it for myself. Miss Coningham will, I hope, help me in the search. She knows the house better than I do."

"I must attend to my own business first, if you please, sir," said Clara. "Mrs. Wilson, I am ordered out of room by Mr. Cumbermede. You must find me fresh quarters, if you please."

Mrs. Wilson stared.

"Do you mean, miss, that you want your things moved to another bedroom?" she asked.

"That is what I mean, Mrs. Wilson."

"I must see what Lady Brotherton says to it, miss."

"Do, by all means."

I saw that Clara was bent on annoying her old enemy, and interposed.

"Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton have agreed to let me have Miss Coningham's room for an addition to the library, Mrs. Wilson," I said.

She looked very grim, but made no answer. We turned and left her. She stood for a moment as if thinking, and then, taking down her bunch of keys, followed us.

"If you will come this way," she said, stopping just behind us at another door in the court, "I think I can show you the room you want. But really, Mr. Cumbermede, you are turning the place upside down. If I had thought it would come to this——"

"I hope to do so a little more yet, Mrs. Wilson," I interrupted. "But I am sure you will be pleased with the result."

She did not reply, but led the way up a stair, across the little open gallery, and by passages I did not remember, to the room I wanted. It was in precisely the same condition as when I occupied it.

"This is the room, I believe," she said, as she unlocked and threw open the door. "Perhaps it would suit you, Miss Coningham?"

"Not in the least," answered Clara. "Who knows which of my small possessions might vanish before the morning!"

The housekeeper's face grew turkey-red with indignation.

"Mr. Cumbermede has been filling your head with some of his romances I see, Miss Clara!"

I laughed, for I did not care to show myself offended with her rudeness.

"Never you mind," said Clara; "I am not going to sleep there."

"Very good," said Mrs. Wilson in a tone of offence severely restrained.

"Will you show me the way to the library?" I requested.

"I will," said Clara; "I know it as well as Mrs. Wilson—every bit."

"Then that is all I want at present, Mrs. Wilson," I said, as we came out of the room. "Don't lock the door, though, please," I added. "Or, if you do, give me the key."

She left the door open, and us in the passage. Clara led me to the library. There we found Charley waiting our return.

"Will you take that little boy to his mother, Clara?" I said. "I don't want him here to-day. We'll have a look over those papers in the evening, Charley."

"That's right," said Clara. "I hope Charley will help you to a little rational interest in your own affairs. I am quite bewildered to think that an author, not to say a young man, the sole remnant of an ancient family, however humble, shouldn't even know whether he has any papers in the house or not."

"We've come upon a glorious nest of such addled eggs, Clara. Charley and I are going to blow them to-night," I said.

"You never know when such eggs are addled," retorted Clara. "You'd better put them under some sensible fowl or other first," she added, looking back from the door as they went.

I turned to the carpenter's tool-basket, and taking from it an old chisel, a screw-driver, and a pair of pincers, went back to the room we had just left.

There could be no doubt about it. There was the tip of the dog's tail, and the top of the hunter's crossbow.

But my reader may not have retained in her memory the facts to which I implicitly refer. I would therefore, to spare repetition, beg her to look back to Chapter XIV., containing the account of the loss of my sword.

In the consternation caused me by the discovery that this loss was no dream of the night, I had never thought of examining the wall of the chamber to see whether there was in it a door or not; but I saw

now at once plainly enough that the inserted patch did cover a small door. Opening it, I found within, a creaking wooden stair, leading up to another low door, which, fashioned like the door of a companion, opened upon the roof:—nowhere, excepting in the towers, had the Hall more than two stories. As soon as I had drawn back the bolt and stepped out, I found myself standing at the foot of an ornate stack of chimneys, and remembered quite well having tried the door that night Clara and I were shut out on the leads—the same night on which my sword was stolen.

For the first time the question now rose in my mind whether Mrs. Wilson could have been in league with Mr. Close. Was it likely I should have been placed in a room so entirely fitted to his purposes by accident? But I could not imagine any respectable woman running such a risk of terrifying a child out of his senses, even if she could have connived at his being robbed of what she might well judge unsuitable for his possession.

Descending again to the bed-room, I set to work with my tools. The utmost care was necessary, for the threads were weak with old age. I had only one or two slight mishaps, however, succeeding on the whole better than I had expected. Leaving the door denuded of its covering, I took the patch on my arm, and again sought the library. Hobbe's surprise, and indeed pleasure, when he saw that my plunder not only fitted the gap, but completed the design, was great. I directed him to get the whole piece down as carefully as he could, and went to extract, if possible, a favour from Lady Brotherton.

She was of course very stiff—no doubt she would have called it dignified; but I did all I could to please her, and perhaps in some small measure succeeded. After representing amongst other advantages what an addition a suite of rooms filled with a valuable library must be to the capacity of the house for the reception and entertainment of guests, I ventured at last to beg the services of Miss Pease for the repair of a bit of the tapestry.

She rang the bell, sent for Miss Pease, and ordered her, in a style of the coldest arrogance, to put herself under my direction. She followed me to the door in the meekest manner, but declined the arm I offered. As we went I explained what I wanted, saying I could not trust it to any hands but those of a lady, expressing a hope that she would not think I had taken too great a liberty, and begging her

to say nothing about the work itself, as I wished to surprise Sir Giles and my assistants. She said she would be most happy to help me, but when she saw how much was wanted, she did look a little dismayed. She went and fetched her work-basket at once, however, and set about it, tacking the edges to a strip of canvas, in preparation for some kind of darning, which would not, she hoped, be unsightly.

For a whole week she and the carpenter were the only persons I admitted, and while she gave to her darning every moment she could redeem from her attendance on Lady Brotherton, the carpenter and I were busy—he cleaning and polishing, and I ranging the more deserted parts of the house to find furniture suitable for our purpose. In Clara's room was an old Turkey-carpet which we appropriated, and when we had the tapestry up again, which Miss Pease had at length restored in a marvellous manner—surpassing my best hopes, and more like healing than repairing—the place was to my eyes a very nest of dusky harmonies.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE OLD CHEST.

I CANNOT help dwelling for a moment on the scene, although it is not of the slightest consequence to my story, when Sir Giles and Lady Brotherton entered the reading room of the resuscitated library of Moldwarp Hall. It was a bright day of autumn. Outside all was brilliant. The latticed oriel looked over the lawn and the park, where the trees had begun to gather those rich hues which could hardly be the heralds of death if it were the ugly thing it appears. Beyond the fading woods rose a line of blue heights meeting the more ethereal blue of the sky, now faded to a colder and paler tint. The dappled skins of the fallow deer glimmered through the trees, and the whiter ones among them cast a light round them in the shadows. Through the trees that on one side descended to the meadow below, came the shine of the water where the little brook had spread into still pools. All without was bright with sunshine and clear air. But when you turned, all was dark, sombre, and rich like an autumn ten times faded. Through the open door of the next room on one side, you saw the shelves full of books, and from beyond, through the narrow uplifted door, came the glimmer of the weapons on the wall of the little armoury. Two ancient tapestry-cov-

ered settees, in which the ravages of moth and worm had been met by skilful repair of chisel and needle, a heavy table of oak, with carved sides, as black as ebony, and a few old, straight-backed chairs were the sole furniture.

Sir Giles expressed much pleasure, and Lady Brotherton, beginning to enter a little into my plans, was more gracious than hitherto.

"We must give a party as soon as you have finished, Mr. Cumbermede," she said; "and——"

"That will be some time yet," I interrupted, not desiring the invitation she seemed about to force herself to utter; "and I fear there are not many in this neighbourhood who will appreciate the rarity and value of the library—if the other rooms should turn out as rich as that one."

"I believe old books *are* expensive nowadays," she returned.

"They are more sought after, I understand."

We resumed our work with fresh vigour, and got on faster. Both Clara and Mary were assiduous in their help.

To go back for a little to my own old chest—we found it, as I have said, full of musty papers. After turning over a few, seeming, to my uneducated eye, deeds and wills and such like, out of which it was evident I could gather no barest meaning without a labour I was not inclined to expend on them—for I had no pleasure in such details as involved nothing of the picturesque—I threw the one in my hand upon the heap already taken from the box, and to the indignation of Charley, who was absorbed in one of them, and had not spoken a word for at least a quarter of an hour, exclaimed—

"Come, Charley; I'm sick of the rubbish. Let's go and have a walk before supper."

"Rubbish!" he repeated; "I am ashamed of you!"

"I see Clara has been setting you on. I wonder what she's got in her head. I am sure I have quite a sufficient regard for family history and all that."

"Very like it!" said Charley—"calling such a chestful as this rubbish!"

"I am pleased enough to possess it," I said; "but if they had been such books as some of those at the Hall——"

"Look here then," he said, stooping over the chest, and with some difficulty hauling out a great folio which he had discovered below, but had not yet examined—"just see what you can make of that."

I opened the title-page, rather eagerly. I stared. Could I believe my eyes? First of all on the top of it, in the neatest old hand, was written—"Guilfrid Combremead His boke. 1630." Then followed what I will not write, lest this MS. should by any accident fall into the hands of bookhunters before my death. I jumped to my feet, gave a shout that brought Charley to his feet also, and danced about the empty room hugging the folio. "Have you lost your senses?" said Charley; but when he had a peep of the title-page, he became as much excited as myself, and it was some time before he could settle down to the papers again. Like a bee over a flower-bed, I went dipping and sipping at my treasure. Every word of the well known lines bore a flavour of ancient verity such as I had never before perceived in them. At length I looked up, and finding him as much absorbed as I had been myself—

"Well, Charley, what are you finding there?" I asked.

"Proof perhaps that you come of an older family than you think," he answered; "proof certainly that some part at least of the Moldwarp property was at one time joined to the Moat, and that you are of the same stock a branch of which was afterwards raised to the present baronetage. At least I have little doubt such is the case, though I can hardly say I am yet prepared to prove it."

"You don't mean I'm of the same blood as—as Geoffrey Brotherton!" I said. "I would rather not, if it's the same to you, Charley."

"I can't help it: that's the way things point," he answered, throwing down the parchment. "But I can't read more now. Let's go and have a walk. I'll stop at home to-morrow, and take a look over the whole set."

"I'll stop with you."

"No, you won't. You'll go and get on with your library. I shall do better alone. If I could only get a peep at the Moldwarp chest as well!"

"But the place may have been bought and sold many times. Just look here though," I said, as I showed him the crest on my watch and seal. "Mind you look at the top of your spoon the next time you eat soup at the Hall."

"That is unnecessary quite. I recognize the crest at once. How strangely these cryptographs come drifting along the tide, like the gilded ornaments of a wreck after the hull has gone down!"

"Or, like the mole or squint that reap-

pears in successive generations, the legacy of some long-forgotten ancestor," I said—and several things unexplained occurred to me as possibly having a common solution.

"I find however," said Charley, "that the name of Cumbermede is not mentioned in your papers more than about a hundred years back—as far as I have yet made out."

"That is odd," I returned, "seeing that in the same chest we find that book with my name, surname and Christian, and the date 1630."

"It is strange," he acquiesced, "and will perhaps require a somewhat complicated theory to meet it."

We began to talk of other matters, and, naturally enough, soon came to Clara.

Charley was never ready to talk of her—indeed avoided the subject in a way that continued to perplex me.

"I confess to you, Charley," I said, "there is something about her I do not and cannot understand. It seems to me always as if she were—I will not say understand, but as if she had some object in view—some design upon you—"

"Upon me!" exclaimed Charley, looking at me suddenly and with a face from which all the colour had fled.

"No, no, Charley, not that," I answered laughing. "I used the word impersonally. I will be more cautious. One would think we had been talking about a witch—or a demon-lady—you are so frightened at the notion of her having you in her eye."

He did not seem altogether relieved, and I caught an uneasy glance seeking my countenance.

"But isn't she charming?" I went on. "It is only to you I could talk about her so. And after all it may be only a fancy."

He kept his face downwards and aside, as if he were pondering and coming to no conclusion. The silence grew and grew until expectation ceased, and when I spoke again, it was of something different.

My reader may be certain from all this that I was not in love with Clara. Her beauty and liveliness, with a gaiety which not seldom assumed the form of grace, attracted me much, it is true; but nothing interferes more with the growth of any passion than a spirit of questioning, and that once aroused love begins to cease and pass into pain. Few, perhaps, could have arrived at the point of admiration I had

reached without falling instantly therefrom into an abyss of absorbing passion; but with me, inasmuch as I searched every feeling in the hope of finding in it the everlasting, there was in the present case a reiterated check, if not indeed recoil; for I was not and could not make myself sure that Clara was upright;—perhaps the more commonplace word *straightforward* would express my meaning better.

Anxious to get the books arranged before they all left me, for I knew I should have but little heart for it after they were

gone, I grudged Charley the forenoon he wanted amongst my papers, and prevailed upon him to go with me the next day as usual. Another fortnight, which was almost the limit of their stay, would, I thought, suffice; and giving up everything else, Charley and I worked from morning till night, with much though desultory assistance from the ladies. I contrived to keep the carpenter and housemaid in work and by the end of the week began to see the inroads of order "scattering the rear of darkness thin."

THE cultivation of the poppy in China, which has been more than once prohibited by Imperial edicts, appears to be increasing everywhere, and becoming a profitable trade. In Szechuen, where the climate is warm and the season early, two crops at least are produced on the same ground annually. The seed of the poppy is sown in February, the plants flower in April, and the fruits are so matured by the middle of May, and the juice is collected, and the stalks removed and burnt directly after, but previous to this the second crop, which may be either Indian corn, cotton, or tobacco, is sown, so that almost by the time the poppy is cleared from the field the new crop makes its appearance. The profit derived from the cultivation of the poppy is not only the result of a fair market value and a ready sale, but also from the fact that much of the work in the plantation, especially the gathering of the juice, can be done by the children of the family. The scratchings or incision being made in the capsules in the morning, the juice which has oozed out in the course of the day is collected in the evening, and after simply exposing it to the sun for a few days it is ready for packing. The seed not required for sowing is used for food. Nature.

border, traced in different coloured paint. The late Mr. Christy called my attention to the exact similarity of these shields to those used by the natives of Central Africa—a similarity not only in shape and pattern but actually in the succession of colours in the pattern. How is this to be accounted for? It is possible (and no other theory seems admissible) that it is purely an accidental coincidence. It is perhaps not difficult of belief that the native mind in two races in all respects so utterly distinct should have hit upon the same shape and form of weapon to meet and throw off the common spear. It is even not very surprising that savages unacquainted with "lines of beauty" should adopt the same crude form of ornamentation, but it is somewhat startling I think that they should have used apparently the same pigments, and very extraordinary as it appears to me that they should have adopted precisely the same succession of colours." Nature.

THE following interesting account was published in *Notes and Queries* of August last year without eliciting any reply. Mr. Alexander Williams writes:—"As the Commissioner for Western Australia of the International Exhibition of 1862, I received from the Colonial Committee at Perth several specimens of native shields. The long narrow form of these implements of defence is common to all the Australian colonies I believe, but I cannot say whether the ornamentation is uniformly the same. But among the Swan River nation it consists of an oblong pattern (following the shape of the shield) composed of border within

A PECULIAR INK-PLANT.—The "Pall Mall Gazette" states that there is in New Granada a plant, *Coryaria thymifolia*, which might be dangerous to our ink manufacturers if it could be acclimatised in Europe. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, called chanchi, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish colour at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. This juice also spoils steel pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings, intended for the mother country, were wet through with sea-water on the voyage; while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of that plant were quite unscathed. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
LORD CHESTERFIELD.

EVERY one has felt compassion, if not sympathy, for the melancholy musings of that charming old heathen, Major Pendenis, when he feels that his grasp upon the world of fashion is palpably relaxing. Men, he thinks, are no longer what they were in his time. "The old grand manner and courtly grace of life are gone; what is Castlewood House and the present Castlewood compared with the magnificence of the old mansion and owner? The late lord came to London with four postchaises and sixteen horses; all the west road hurried out to look at his cavalcade; the people in London streets even stopped as his procession passed them. The present lord travels with five bagmen in a railway-carriage, and sneaks away from the station smoking a cigar in a brougham." And so the old gentleman rambles on, executing one more variation on the melancholy tune which has been performed in various dialects ever since the world began. Nothing is as it was in the "brave days of old;" the age of chivalry is dead; the "grand seigneurs" are extinct; the world is divided amongst prigs who know nothing of the world and dandies who know nothing else. "And the other young men," exclaims the Major in his wrath, "those lounging guardsmen and great lazy dandies,—sprawling over sofas and billiard-tables, and stealing off to smoke pipes in each other's bedrooms, caring for nothing, reverencing nothing, not even an old gentleman who has known their fathers and betters, not even a pretty woman—what a difference there is between these men who poison the very turnips and stubble-fields with their tobacco and the gentlemen of our time! The breed is gone—there is no use for them; they are replaced by a parcel of damned cotton-spinners and utilitarians, and young sprigs of parsons with their hair combed down their backs." What are we to make of the Major's ambiguous lamentations? Is it merely an instance of the fallacy which generally begets the *laudator temporis acti*, the belief that the splendor has really passed away from the grass and the glory from the flower, rather than his eye grown dimmer and his imagination more sluggish? Or is there really a change for the worse? Have we lost the social arts and become equally incapable of the conduct of a "clouded cane" and of refined courtesy to ladies? Sir Charles Grandison was always, as we may devoutly hope, an impossible monster of pomposity and virtue; but there must, it is urged,

have been some original to justify the caricature; even if the ideal was never approached in practice, the very aspiration after that stately courtesy implied something superior to the rough, slangy, free-and-easy style of modern days.

Direct testimony in such cases is of little use. Who shall say whether the acting of Garrick and the eloquence of Chatham were superior to anything that preceded or followed them? They have passed away as irrecoverably as the cheers that greeted their triumphs. Tradition merely presents us with some vague accumulation of superlatives, and not with any accurate measure of the real facts. And so this vague legend of a now obsolete grand manner evades any tests that we can apply to the present day. Some presumptions might seem to make against it. Our ancestors, it is plain, ate and drank and swore and gambled, and outraged all our laws of decorum; their vices and the amazing plainness of speech in which they dealt might be taken to imply a standard of manners fitter for the pot-house than the drawing-room. The fine gentleman who used what we may call the "stap my vitals" style of conversation in the comedies of the time, was about fit to keep company with a modern swell-mobsmen. And yet an inference against the reality of the assumed "grand manner" would be insecure. That we have grown more decorous does not prove of necessity that we have become more dignified or graceful. The Red Indian of Cooper's novels, if he ever existed, may have been a fine gentleman, though his collection of scalps would have turned the stomach of a civilized bagman. Or, to quote a more appropriate instance, we are told that Louis XIV., having once in his life been induced to take a bath, could never be persuaded to repeat the performance. Yet the Grand Monarch was probably a greater master of the art of dramatic impressiveness than the President of a modern Republic, or even than the average English gentleman who takes his tub quite as regularly as he says his prayers. The most polished class at a given period is probably that which observes most scrupulously certain rules of external propriety; but it does not follow that the age in which those rules are most strict is also that in which the art of social intercourse is most successfully studied. If we could call up a fine gentleman of the last century in his laced coat, and his wig, and his ruffles, it is not impossible that he would be slightly offensive even to our sense of smell; his language would be

gross; and his consumption of port wine intolerable; but he might be better able than some of his more precise descendants to make himself—in Lord Chesterfield's phrase—envied by all men and loved by all women. The rules of the game have been drawn tighter, but it may be that no more skill goes to playing it.

The name we have just mentioned suggests that we have at least an exposition of the theory and practice of the art by one of its most accomplished practitioners. Perhaps we are speaking with too much levity. The memory of Lord Chesterfield, indeed, has acquired a certain tinge of absurdity; we associate his name with triumphs of tailoring, and with an effete dandyism of the most artificial type. His very memory smells of rouge and false teeth and stays and the unsavoury apparatus of an ancient buck's dressing-room. Dr. Johnson has summed up his book for us as containing the manners of a dancing-master and the morals of a less reputable profession; and we generally accept the judgment. Yet, if Lord Chesterfield was rather unlike a prophet or an apostle of a new faith, he had a queer sort of gospel to deliver to his age; and what is in its way amusing and gives sometimes an involuntarily humorous turn to his lucubrations, is that in his mind it is obviously identified with the teaching more generally accepted as a sacred revelation. He is fond of quoting, and giving the weight of his aristocratic patronage to the precept about doing to others as you would that they should do to you. He heartily approves of the sentiment, and indeed presents his own lessons chiefly as practical conclusions from it. But of course, in the seventeen centuries which had elapsed since the promulgation of that command, it had come to need a good many comments and corollaries. Now and then it wanted patchings; but he was sublimely unconscious that the text ever came into conflict with the notes, or that, like other judicial interpreters, he was materially altering the law which he professed to administer. The whole theory is admirably given in one of his letters. "Do as you would be done by!" he exclaims at the opening, with an unction which would befit an eloquent pulpit orator. But presently the maxim takes rather a queer turn. What all men would like done to them, he explains, is to have their ruling passions gratified; now the ruling passion of all kings and women and of most men is vanity; and it follows that the Christian maxim amounts to a solemn command that we should be always

tickling each other's vanity. Nor can we be too thoughtful and delicate in our attentions. Labour to find out those little weaknesses which may be discovered in every one. Tell Cardinal Richelieu that he is the best poet of his time; assure Sir Robert Walpole that he has a "polite and happy turn to gallantry;" though you know very well that he has "undoubtedly less than any man living." Swear to ugly women, for they will always believe it, that they are beautiful, or, at least, have "a certain *je ne sais quoi* still more engaging than beauty." Compliment a beautiful woman on her understanding, and your praises will have the charm of novelty. Practise especially that "innocent piece of art," flattering people behind their backs, in presence of somebody who is sure to make his court by repeating your words. "This is, of all flattery," he adds—and the remark is certainly well-founded—"the most pleasing and most effectual." By such acts you will be able, as he remarks in an unwonted access of plain-speaking, to "insinuate and wriggle yourself into favour" at court. "Wriggling," it must be granted, is rather a coarse term to express this delicate system of rising in the world; but, as a rule, there is something pleasant in the charming sincerity of his conviction that he is really preaching a lofty code of morality. He does not mean, he declares, to recommend "abject and criminal flattery." By no means. Vices are to be abhorred and discouraged; and, moreover, when they are coarse they are generally unsuccessful. The pith of this corollary to the gospels consists in drawing the delicate line between simulation and dissimulation; in hitting off the method of deceiving without lying; in soothing, instead of sickening, with praise; and, in short, in safely reaching by honourable means the ends which a clumsy knave fails to secure by blundering into downright dishonesty. The necessary qualification for effecting this purpose is the possession of those graces on which his lordship is perpetually harping. Good-breeding may be defined as the art of delicate flattery, and if not virtue itself, is its most necessary ingredient. "Intrinsic merit" will "gain you the general esteem of all, but not the particular affection of any." The "respectable Hottentot" who "heaves his meat anywhere but down his throat;" the man who draws, or splutters, or comes into a room awkwardly; who twirls his hat or scratches his head when he is talking to you, may be a saint, a patriot, or a philosopher, but

he won't be liked at court. The rules themselves, which the old sage works out with infinite variety of detail, are generally sound enough, and generally full of shrewdness, though we rather wonder at times that they should be necessary: a young gentleman, we may hope, would scarcely require at the present day to be reminded a dozen times over of the importance of washing his teeth. The most unlucky and best-remembered maxim is the assertion that nothing is so "illiterate and ill-bred as audible laughter;" laughter is the "manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry." This is a little too much for poor human nature, even in a laced coat; but as a rule, we may admit that, granting the leading principles, the code laid down is judicious. Assume that the main object of a man's life should be to win a blue riband, which Lord Chesterfield's admiring biographer proclaims to have been the one ambition of his hero; suppose that this worthy object is to be gained by favour at court; and, finally, that favour at court is to be won by flattery, — and there is something to be said on behalf of each of these propositions, and we may grant that the noble moralist's hero laid down a very accurate chart of the rocks on which a youthful aspirant may suffer shipwreck. It must, indeed, be confessed that this view of human life is rather oddly grafted upon Christian morality; and it is probable that Lord Chesterfield would hardly have found himself at home with that perfect gentleman, as Coleridge called him, St. Paul. The devil, however, can quote Scripture; and it would be hard if that privilege were denied to an eminently respectable British peer.

Meanwhile, however little he may have cared for the veneering of Christian phraseology, his sincerity in the substance of his preaching is unmistakable. His political career explains his point of view. He was, in the first place, an illustration in a different department of life of the profound maxim which Mr. Disraeli has recently adopted from Balzac — that critics are authors who have failed. He was just one of those second-rate men who compensate themselves for not being first-rate by arrogating to themselves an enormous amount of worldly wisdom. He had acquired a whole store of maxims by explaining his own failures to his own satisfaction. He knew the secret of every political manœuvre of his time, and conveniently forgot that his amazing penetration

was generally a little too late for practical use. He had failed, characteristically enough, in the House of Commons (so it is said), because some irreverent member had persisted in mimicking his rather affected mode of speech as soon as he sat down. The House of Commons was then, no more than now, above the vulgarity of open laughter, and even relished wit bordering on a practical joke. The death of his father — which he appears to have regarded as in all respects a most welcome event — raised him to the House of Lords. In that more congenial and polished assembly, his eloquence, rivalling, so his complacent biographer assures us, that of Demosthenes, made him sufficiently dangerous to be civilly shelved. He possessed just the right qualifications for being kicked upstairs. Twice he was despatched to try the effect of his graceful manners on the Dutch, and to be deprived of any chance of trying them in places nearer to the great centre of influence. Afterwards, he was sent, on the same principle, to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. In the last office he won, and seems to have deserved, considerable credit as a liberal and sensible statesman. Unluckily, he returned to be Secretary of State, and, finding himself to be a cipher in the presence of colleagues whom he heartily despised, he retired into private life, and played with all due earnestness that character of dignified retirement of which his great idol, Lord Bolingbroke, had set him the example. Whether in this case, too, the grapes were sour, or whether he really preferred raising melons and buying pictures to joining in political intrigues, must remain uncertain. Probably he was more or less sincere, as his deafness put senatorial success beyond his power, and, therefore, perhaps beyond his will. His only public appearance was on reforming the Calendar; and he tells with unconcealed delight how on this occasion, the graces of his manner enabled him to eclipse the profound mathematician, Lord Macclesfield, and to delude the House of Peers into the belief that he understood all about intercalary years and Julian periods.

It was from this vantage-ground of accumulated experience that he poured his moral reflections into the ears of his unworthy lout of a son. He had known all the literary and political lights of his day; he had lived in courts, and met foreign statesmen in diplomatic warfare. If his success had not been triumphant, it had been sufficiently great to allow him to attribute his shortcomings to any cause but his

own weakness. Measured, indeed, by the standard of his contemporaries, there were not above two or three who could fairly compete with him in actual achievements. No wonder if, in all sincerity, he believed that he could accomplish the difficult task of not merely administering advice which should contain the very quintessence of all political wisdom, but of actually transfusing that wisdom into the head of his clumsy pupil. The delusion, we may remark in passing, was in one sense curious. That Lord Chesterfield should wish to make a silk purse of a sow's ear (if we may venture to use one of those proverbs which he never quotes without a perceptible shudder), was natural enough. Yet he, of all men, should have known that the way to produce the transformation was not to preach it in downright terms. Advising an awkward man to be elegant is like cramming a bear with sweetmeats in order to change him into a lap-dog. You may diminish his courage, but the bear will be a bear to the end of his days. Lord Chesterfield had doubtless acted on sounder principles in his diplomatic days, and advised his Dutchmen to go north, in the hopes that they might perhaps be diverted one point of the compass from due south. But whilst indoctrinating his son, he either forgot his cunning, or, perhaps, was too intent upon using his eloquence to think of its effect. Nothing is so terribly disconcerting as to be requested to talk naturally when you are already in the agonies of bashfulness. We sympathize keenly with the wretched young Stanhope entering the room of a fine lady, feeling that his sword was getting between his legs, and with that terrible eye fixed upon him in the background, and noting down every awkward trick as a deadly sin. Nay, the wretched youth was told, for his further encouragement, that his father had spies in every direction who would report upon his behaviour, and doubtless felt at times that shudder which overtakes the youthful orator when the whole room seems to be roofed and walled with converging eyes. There is something really touching about the old gentleman's mixture of simplicity, shrewdness, and vanity. It evidently never occurred to him that his morality is not absolutely identical with the loftiest Christianity; or that he had not found the very last word of political philosophy; or that such wisdom can be rained even upon the most ungrateful soil without bearing fruit a thousandfold. He was a most ardent admirer of his own wit, wisdom, and experience; and he really loved his boy with

equal sincerity; nay, when the ungrateful youth left behind him, on his premature death, a previously unmentioned widow and children, Lord Chesterfield was virtuous enough to forgive them for existing. With a blindness which is half touching and half absurd, he goes on year after year making his regular weekly exhortation to worship the Graces, till we wonder that parental affection can stand the repetition or filial affection the consumption of the dose. Lord Chesterfield was fond of sneering at college pedants, and in his time there was some excuse for the practice; yet, even then, a college pedant might have explained to him that the way to make lads industrious or clever is not to bombard them incessantly with moral platitudes. Yet there is something pathetic about the queer incongruity of the proceeding. It is one of those contrasts which would have delighted a true humourist. This love of his son is the one sweet spring of natural affection in the father's uncommonly stony bosom. It half softens us towards him, as Falstaff's genuine love of Prince Hal reconciles us to that hoary old sinner; or we may compare it, more accurately, to the fondness which our modern Chesterfield, Major Pendennis, shows for his nephew, especially when he displays it by trying to make the young man his accomplice in disgraceful extortion. The cynical, battered old statesman has yet a genuine love for his stupid son, and, with the best intentions, bestows his doses of worldly wisdom upon him, and hopes against hope that they will be effectual, — just as a tender mother exhausts herself in cares for her best beloved child, the fool of the family.

To return, however, to the substance of Lord Chesterfield's teaching: it is plain enough that he was at least no fool. He was, it may be, blind to any exalted sentiments, but what he saw he saw clearly and well. In fact, he is simply putting into plain words the esoteric doctrines of the contemporary school of politicians. Bolingbroke and Walpole and the Pelhams tacitly guided their conduct by his principles, though they took no trouble to preach them. At every age, no doubt, there is handed down an unwritten tradition, which seldom finds plain expression beyond the walls of lobbies or election committee-rooms. The ablest professors of the doctrine forget it strangely when they mount a platform or indite a leading article. It is only once in a way that we find a man who not only believes in it and avows it, but is incapable of imagining that there

can be anything higher; and we should value him accordingly. Two or three maxims may be detached from this body of doctrine as sufficiently characteristic of its spirit. The first is the cherished opinion that "great events from trifling causes spring," or in the Chesterfieldian version, that the destinies of nations are really decided by closet-intrigues and by petty jealousies of individual statesmen. Take, for example, the Reformation. Ordinary people will talk nonsense about the decay of ancient faiths, the corrupt state of ecclesiastical organizations, and so on. Lord Chesterfield knows better. This is his version of the story. "Luther, an Augustine monk, enraged that his order, and consequently himself, had not the exclusive privilege of selling indulgences, but that the Dominicans were let into a share of that profitable but infamous trade, turns reformer, and exclaims against the abuses, the corruption, and the idolatry of the Church of Rome, which were certainly gross enough for him to have seen long before, but which he had at least acquiesced in, till what he called the rights, that is, the profit of his order came to be touched." This, my son, observes the amiable sage, is the true philosophy of history. The Reformation a great moral or intellectual outburst! Not a bit of it; it was simply a squabble between a couple of thieves over their booty; though it is true that honest men — if there be any honest men — incidentally made much by it.

This doctrine that all human history turns upon the most trivial causes and the lowest passions, is, for obvious reasons, popular with second-rate statesmen. It is merely another form of belief in their own importance. The peculiarity of Lord Chesterfield is in its bearing upon his doctrine of the graces. These small secret springs which really govern the movement of the world are worked by the force which the vulgar call humbug. A judicious compliment, a bit of diplomatic finesse at the right moment, turns a delicate lever, and the whole machinery of the world turns creaking on its ponderous hinges. Lord Chesterfield, on one occasion, illustrates this maxim by an appropriate anecdote. Over twenty years before he had wiped a little boy's nose. The action was apparently trivial; but mark the consequences. Lord Chesterfield was then ambassador in Holland, and entrusted with diplomatic business of the last importance; the parents of the little boy were people "of the first rank and consideration," and naturally were profoundly grateful for Lord Ches-

terfield's condescension. Who knows but that the present extension of the Prussian empire is due, in some remote degree, to the little boy's want of a handkerchief? At any rate, the chief actor in this performance plumes himself on it, as a great triumph in diplomacy; and probably young Stanhope went about wiping little boys' noses for some time afterwards. The effect upon the history of the world is not recorded.

Lord Chesterfield, however, appeals to the experience of others as well as his own. Lord Chatham and Lord Mansfield were by far the most successful orators of the day in the House of Commons. And why? Because Chatham had the most fervid intellect and the haughtiest will? Because Mansfield was the cleverest logician and the most thorough lawyer? No: the matter of their speeches was moderate enough; but their periods were well-turned and their enunciation just and harmonious. Marlborough was the most successful man of his time; and historians, who "always assign deep causes for great events," will set down his success to his surpassing abilities. They will be wrong. He had "an excellent good plain understanding;" but that to which he owed "the better half of his greatness and riches" was that he possessed the graces in the highest degree, and that his manner was irresistible by man or woman. Stanhope might have made a pretty good retort. The two most successful statesmen of that age, if success be measured by long tenure of power, were Walpole and Newcastle. Lord Chesterfield, in particular, had matched himself against each and been decisively beaten. Yet Newcastle, as we know, was a man the inexpressible absurdity of whose manners set caricaturists at defiance; and, if we may trust Lord Hervey, was distinguished, amongst other things, by some of the nasty tricks which the Letters are always denouncing. Of Walpole, Chesterfield says himself, that his ill-breeding was such that no man ever said a civil thing to him. Bolingbroke again, on the same authority, possessed "the most elegant politeness and good-breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with;" and Bolingbroke is the best example which a moralist could desire to quote of splendid talents leading to disastrous failure. In short, there was certainly one qualification for success more essential even than good manners in that age as in this, and that quality may be described as an indomitable resolution to succeed.

Lord Chesterfield, no doubt, attached this amazing importance to the graces for two obvious reasons. They were the specially strong points of the adviser, and they were also the specially weak point of the advisee. The sincerity of his belief, however, is guaranteed by the whole history of his life, and by the often quoted story which might have furnished a new illustration to Pope's brilliant epigrams, on the ruling passion. "Save my country, heaven!" was to be the last exclamation of Cobham, as something of the same kind was, or was said to have been, the dying phrase of Pitt. "Give Dayrolles a chair," was the pathetic speech with which Chesterfield took leave of this world for one in which, it is to be hoped, honour will not depend upon accurate observance of etiquette. It is a melancholy reflection that a man's last words should bequeath a tinge of absurdity to his reputation: and we almost pity poor Lord Chesterfield when we see him rallying himself to discharge what he held to be a duty, and by that virtuous action — for surely it was virtuous according to his lights — making even his death-bed ridiculous. It is proper to observe, however, that this ceaseless perorating upon the graces was by no means the whole of the Chesterfieldian philosophy. His Letters leave, indeed, the impression that his highest ambition was to know that his son was called *le petit Stanhope* by the fine ladies of Paris; and there is something really pathetic in his constant recurrence to that imaginary pet name. But he wished him to be something more; and we almost doubt at times whether the ideal Stanhope was not as creditable a person as the young nobleman of the present day. It is difficult to say with precision what are the qualifications now demanded by the aristocracy from the young gentlemen who are to support their political influence. Judging from the result, so far as such audacity may be exercised in a humble outsider, they do not include any very profound acquaintance with laws, history, and foreign politics. Now the Chesterfieldian conception of those studies was necessarily far from profound. History was, in his view, a narrative of the varying manœuvres of fools and knaves; politics meant the art of reaching the blind side of kings and statesmen: patriotism, religious zeal, and such other words, were juggles to impose upon the vulgar; and his notions of political economy were those of the darkest pre-Adamite era; that is to say, simply childish. Yet the possession of a shrewd common

sense, inclining, indeed, to be rather too shrewd, and a certain judicious toleration, closely allied to utter indifference, and yet with some tincture of generous feeling, made him far from a despicable politician; and he was anxious that his son should be thoroughly furnished with the tools of his trade, so far as he could understand them. Young Stanhope was to visit all the courts of Europe; he was to speak French, German, and Italian to perfection; he was to be familiar with the history of treaties and with the public law of Europe; he was to know all such statistics as were obtainable at the time; and if his attention was invited a little too strongly to the mere outside trappings of things — to the mode, for example, of investiture with the Garter, and the petty gossip of courtiers — he was yet to be as near an approach as was then possible to that terror of our modern days, the blue-book in breeches, or the thoroughly well-informed member of Parliament. If he was to have little enough faith in ideas, and not to penetrate far below the surface, he was to be capable of imposing respect upon an aristocracy which had no thought of abdicating its power at home, or its influence on continental politics. The training seems to have succeeded in this direction; and if the youth never became known as *le petit Stanhope*, he was as qualified as a thorough familiarity with red tape and diplomatic ceremonials could make him, to be the right-hand man of an able Minister. In one respect, it is true, his education was shamefully neglected. It is painful to remark the indifference, and indeed the contempt with which Lord Chesterfield sometimes alludes to those athletic sports, whose superlative value we have learnt to recognize. Listen to the awful heresy propounded by a great British nobleman 120 years ago. "The French manner of hunting," says this daring blasphemer, "is gentleman-like; ours is only fit for bumpkins and boobies. The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; and the true British foxhunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces." Lord Chesterfield was blind enough not to perceive that the true British foxhunter is as much a subject for glorification as the true British constitution, of which he is the greatest ornament. But in those days, strange as it now appears, cultivated gentlemen generally agreed with him, and left the pursuit of foxes to the Squire Westerns of the period. Let us

be thankful that we know better, though even now some people call our nobility barbarians, and speak irreverently of game-preserving.

Chesterfield, in short, was no mere fatuous coxcomb. No Scotchman could have had a keener eye for the main chance. Strip off his gold lace and his full-bottomed wig, and you find a shrewd man of business, with as little sentiment as a stock-broker, and perhaps little more principle than a professional gambler. If you despise the trifles on which he lays so much stress, he despises them quite as heartily, except as the counters with which he plays his game. In the sight of heaven, a man who gets his sword between his legs may be equal to one who keeps it in the normal position; but there will be a considerable difference in the sight of kings. Now heaven is a long way off, and kings, who — so our courtiers tell us — are almost universally fools, are very near, and can reward their worshippers substantially. Why not carry on traffic as merchants do in Africa, and pass off a little tinsel and Brummagem wares for good solid gold and ivory? The savage chief takes a set of beads, and gives you a herd of cattle; the king takes a fine bow, or a delicate parallel between himself and Cæsar, and pays you with a bit of blue ribband and a pension of three thousand a year. Who is deceived, and who has any right to complain? The people who have to pay the taxes? Their time is not to come for two or three generations; and in all ages no wrong can be done to people who can't make a noise. But the whole system is immoral? Well, if you insist upon enthusiasm and devotion to the good of humanity and belief in social progress, you may probably be disappointed. Yet the Chesterfields had their merits. They had no desire to be martyrs, it may be, but they did not desire to make other people martyrs. They were tolerant, cool-headed, and rather cold-hearted Gallios. They were selfish, and mean, and corrupt; but with certain limits of personal honour. If they looked on the country as their private estate, they had some flashes of proprietary pride which served indifferently well for patriotism. Lord Chesterfield mourns sincerely over the bad prospects of the country at the beginning of the seven years' war, though his remedy is characteristic enough. Nothing could save us, he sighs, but a Machiavel at the head of affairs, and even that remedy would be doubtful. Intrigue and treachery may yet be powerful enough, but all

feebler agencies are worthless. Luckily for us, this pious aspiration was answered by the appearance of Chatham, and popular orators have learnt to talk as if in those days all statesmen were patriotic, and all corruption unknown. The truth is, we see, slightly different; Chesterfield, though far more respectable than the Newcastles and Bubb Dodgingtons of his day, was not remarkable for the loftiness of his views. Let us, however, try to feel some gratitude for such patriotism as he could show, though he certainly preferred, on principle, the worst of quack medicines to any genuine remedy. We cannot, with the best of good will, make him out a hero or a saint. To religion he makes his bow with characteristic grace; he reminds us of Johnson's friend Campbell: "He is a good man, a pious man; I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years, but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat." That is about the Chesterfieldian theory; if his son wants any religion he may go to his tutor for supplies of that undeniably useful article; but to mock at Christianity shows thoroughly bad taste. Indeed if that superstitious belief were once thoroughly eradicated, a desolating scepticism might next raise doubts as to the value of the British peage. Voltaire was clearly wrong for attacking institutions which save us so much in police expenditure; and even the clergy are not necessarily worse or more foolish than their neighbours. That, indeed, is not saying much for them. The moralist in whom Chesterfield really believes is Rochefort; could, as his favourite politician is De Retz. He begs his hopeful son to ponder his maxims by day and night, and to learn that the one key to knowledge of men is the conviction that every passion is merely a form of selfishness. Women are all contemptible, and may be guided by the grossest flattery. Kings are worse; and perhaps the class of mankind of whom he speaks with the sincerest respect are the Jesuits, for the very reason that he fully accepts the popular view of their character. To be wicked, however, is generally bad policy, or, at any rate, to be very wicked. The pith and substance of a great many maxims is simply this: — Don't get drunk too often or you will die of *delirium tremens*; most vicious practices carried to excess will injure your health; and therefore a wise man will calculate his pleasures cautiously, so as to extract the maximum of enjoyment at the time and make them subservient to his ad-

vancement afterwards. And all this advice is given so complacently and with such perfect unconscientiousness that it is in any degree defective, that somehow one is almost taken in. It sounds for all the world like a sermon, and if we doze a bit we fail to observe the cloven hoof. One more sample is as good as a thousand, and may serve as a final touch. Fielding, in his *Journey from this World to the Next*, describes the philosophy of court favour. If a low fellow, says the satirist, has a desire for a place, what is he to do? He "applies to A., who is the creature of B., who is the tool of C., who is the flatterer of D.," and so on, through a rather unsavoury chain, till we reach M., who is the instrument of the great man. Thus the smile, descending regularly from the great man to A., is discounted back again, and at last paid by the great man. The satire seems to verge upon burlesque, but Lord Chesterfield reproduces the same thought with the utmost fidelity, and apparently without a touch of irony. "In courts," he says, "nobody should be below your management and attention: the links that form the court chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must bear with patience the dull grievances of a gentleman usher or a page of the backstairs, who very probably has an intrigue with some near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite Minister, of the favourite mistress, or perhaps of the King himself." Lord Chesterfield would have smiled contemptuously at the purist who should have seen anything wrong in this; and, indeed, would have had little trouble in convincing himself that this universal complaisance was in the true spirit of Christianity.

Perhaps, however, we are growing a little too serious. Virtuous indignation is a very good thing in its way, but it seems to be out of the way in speaking of Lord Chesterfield. He was one of those people who do not profess to keep an immortal soul; their vital principle is merely a substitute for salt, and so long as they keep clear of the gallows, we have no right to find fault with them. We do not think of his lordship as precisely immoral, but as afflicted with a kind of colour-blindness which prevented him from paying attention to the moral side of things in general. Let us return to the humbler point of view from which we started. Were the Chesterfieldian manners really good? Faith, or fanaticism—as you please to call it—is a very good thing in its way, but not of necessity conducive to good manners.

Religious heroes may often use forks for toothpicks and be quite incapable of turning out a finished *bon mot* at a moment's notice. If the two men were compared by their powers of moving the world we should have to place Wesley infinitely above Chesterfield; but if it be a question which of them did most to make it go off pleasantly, the tables would be turned. The saints and martyrs of our acquaintance—they are not numerous—are often good enough company at a dinner-table; but perhaps, for mere amusement, it would be safer to invite a Pendennis or a Chesterfield. Nothing disturbs the digestion so much as earnestness; and an argument which is not a mere sham-fight, is apt to be a terrible nuisance in society. To say the truth, there is something fascinating about the delicious calm of that era. The old set of controversies had died out with the seventeenth century; the ground-swell of the approaching revolution had not made itself felt; political agitation was not as yet; reporters were far from the sacred doors of Parliament; the press was in good order; the parties cries about place-bills, and standing armies, meant nothing, and everybody knew that they meant nothing; party warfare was little more than a set of family squabbles between different noble connections; the Church of England was fast asleep, and could scarcely find energy to denounce the few wretched fanatics, to whom the name of enthusiasts was given as the most opprobrious of all conceivable titles. The change which has taken place in the meaning of that word is curiously characteristic of the change in the temper of society. To be in earnest about anything was then as objectionable as it is now to be in earnest about nothing. It is pleasant to travel back in imagination to that quiet little sleepy hollow, interposed between two regions of storm and earthquake. We envy Sir Roger de Coverly, dozing placidly in his high-backed pew, unconscious of the advent of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; we admire the nobleman who bought a borough as quietly as a new coat, and kept an editor or two as their successors would keep a butler; and yet more emphatically do our mouths water when we think of the delightful sinecures that were flying about in those days—those heavy stakes that gave the only real interest to the game of politics. One would like to have been a British nobleman, and to have gone in for one great lottery weighted with such substantial prizes.

To one advantage they may seem to have a good claim. Good manners are a delicate plant, which flourishes only in a calm atmosphere, being all the product of a state of society in a state of permanent equilibrium. When everybody knows his place, intercourse is easy; no matter whether everybody knows that he is as good as his neighbour, or knows just how low a bow he must make to each man he meets. Vulgarity is the product of a state of things in which the people in the gallery are trying to get into the stalls, and have only half succeeded. Democrats are often accused of inconsistency because they don't ask their footmen to dine with them; but it is precisely their quarrel with society that footmen and their masters have been made incapable of meeting on equal terms. When a servant regards his livery as an honourable distinction, or when he has fairly got rid of it, he may be equally easy; but when he has begun to make it ignominious, and yet has not quite shuffled it off, he is naturally awkward. In Lord Chesterfield's time, the livery still preserved its sanctity, as well as the peer's robes and coronets. Nobody was yet ashamed of the one or envious of the other; or if they were, they had the good sense to hold their tongues. That terrible inversion of all things, in which the cloth of gold had got terribly rent and battered and jostled by the cloth of frieze, was not as yet; and Lord Chesterfield felt that he and his full-bottomed wig, and his seat in the House of Lords, were part of the eternal order of things, if, indeed, they should not rather be called the very flower and highest outcome of creation. The advantage which such a faith gives to a man's manners is obvious. Laughter, we know, was beneath him; all strong emotions are apt to be vulgar and undignified: he could take life as he took his luck at the gaming-table, with a perfectly placid countenance. A grand decorous stoicism was imperatively demanded by his station. And then, how different was the little circle which to him was the whole world from that roaring Babel in which we live. The most necessary social art at the present day is to keep your neighbor at a distance without slapping his face, for who knows whether he is a gentleman or a swell-mobsman? Life, now, is like jostling through a crowd at the Derby; then it was like a select garden-party, reported in the *Morning Post*. In those days conversation could be really an art. Good talking, like good acting, supposes a fitting audience; the chief actor must be support-

ed by a company who are ready to follow up his hits and appreciate his points; it must be cultivated in *salons*, where a set of clever people are in the habit of sharpening their wits upon each other. No such talk is generally possible amongst the heterogeneous collection of people who meet for a couple of hours at a London dinner-party, and spend the first hour in vague tentative experiments at drawing each other out. A good saying was generally put down to some distinguished performer—to Lord Chesterfield, or Horace Walpole, or George Selwyn. Now nobody makes witticisms in conversation; they are concocted on paper, and hit off in "occasional notes," or leading articles. The universal godfather of founding witticisms is no longer the person of quality, but *Punch*, or the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

It would seem likely enough then, *a priori*, that within the magic circle the study of good manners was really carried to a pitch now unknown. When a shrewd, clear-headed man like Lord Chesterfield could deliberately make it the study of his life to attain perfection in the art, and doubtless he must have had many competitors, it seems reasonable to suppose that they would meet with corresponding success. Could we, who have scarcely time to take off our hats to a lady, possibly rival the elaborate courtliness of men to whom social success counted for so much in life? Is not the secret lost, like those of archery, or the illumination of misals, or the other arts which required unlimited time and patience? Before the days of newspapers and popular novels, ladies might spend days in embroidery, and gentlemen sit down to steady drinking about three in the afternoon; Lord Chesterfield might spend four hours daily on his toilet, and might prepare the most charming impromptus, and lay the deepest schemes for social successes. How should we rival his elegance, whose life is one continued hurry, and who pronounce all ceremonies to be an intolerable bore?

One doubt, indeed, will occur to Lord Chesterfield's readers. Granting that he he did his best to be charming, we may yet doubt whether the power of charming can ever be acquired by cold-blooded preparation; and such glimpses as we obtain of the living man rather confirm our scepticism. Able editors, of course, speak of him in the proper conventional tone. He was, we are assured, "one of the most shining characters of his age;" he is declared to have enjoyed "the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man,

perhaps, ever obtained from his contemporaries;" and he is described by his official biographer with a number of fine phrases, to which it is the only objection that they would be about equally applicable to St. Paul or the late Mr. Peabody. But we receive a more distinctive impression from two of the best portrait-painters of the age, both of whom, unluckily, had good reasons for disliking him. Lord Hervey rather upsets our preconceived notions, by assuring us that he was "short, disproportionate, thick, clumsily made; had a broad, rough-featured, ugly face, with black teeth, and a head big enough for Polyphemus;" and that George II. summed up his personal charms by describing him as a "dwarf baboon."

The spitefulness and apparent inaccuracy of this may justify a doubt as to the insinuations that in other respects his pretensions were absurdly exaggerated. Horace Walpole, however, who had a very pretty pen for abuse, draws a likeness in which, after due deductions, we cannot help recognizing the features of the original. If we may believe this account, Lord Chesterfield was a standing illustration of his own favorite maxim, *Dans ce monde on vaut ce qu'on veut valoir*; he had resolved to win a reputation for wit and gallantry, and his perseverance had won the name, though not the reality; he had persuaded people that it was the proper thing to laugh at his most trifling sayings, and they laughed before he spoke; he had somehow wormed himself into the position—afterward occupied by Talleyrand or Sydney Smith—of enjoying a sort of manorial right to all unappropriated waifs and strays of wit; he patronized what was too bad to be ascribed to himself, and sneered at the good things which were beyond his grasp; and by such arts—not, perhaps, quite unknown at the present day—had acquired without much deserving it a title to be the arbiter of the taste and fashion of his day. There is an obvious dash of malignity in all this, for, after all, no man wins the dictatorship even of society without some real merits. But there is apparently this much of truth in the libel, that, through all Lord Chesterfield's graces, there pierces a certain air of deliberation and effort, which goes far to spoil their effect. He is never quite spontaneous. His writings remind us of machine-made goods. They show some wit and humour, but it is prepared by rule, and are products of deliberate toil rather than natural effusion. He wrote, for example, some papers in the *World*, which may

pass for very good imitations of the *Spectator*. They are amusing illustrations of the same tone of thought which characterizes the letters to his son; but there is a certain stiffness and formality about the writing which just destroys the charm. The letters to his other correspondents have the same character. He fires off great florid compliments with infinite self-complacency, and an irrepressible consciousness that he is doing a correct thing. Though carefully written, they have nothing of the brilliancy of Horace Walpole, and still less of the nameless charm that makes such letters as Cowper's some of the most charming reading in the language. We seem to see the hand of the diplomatist, who likes to make a protocol out of an invitation to dinner. His literary taste, when it is not commonplace, is execrable. His wit is shrewd enough, though it scarcely descends to be playful. Its general style may be illustrated by the well-known advice to make the Pretender Elector of Hanover, in order that he might fail to excite a spark of loyalty; or by the half pathetic remark that Trawley and he had been dead a long time, though they did not choose to have it generally known; or, perhaps more characteristically, by his posthumous fling at the Church. Wishing to prevent his heir from following his own habit of gambling, he declared in his will that, if the youth ever kept hounds, or went to Newmarket, or lost 500*l.* in one bet, he should forfeit 5,000*l.* to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster Abbey. That body, he declared, had shown itself so exorbitant that it would be sure to exact the penalty. One touch may be added from his Letters, which is itself very significant. "What can a hermit send you from the deserts of Blackheath," he writes to a friend on the 11th of October, 1758, "in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody anywhere by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are." It is touching to see the decrepit old man still making epigrams on himself with something of his old courtly grace. But the effect is rather spoilt when we find that the same phrases are repeated word for word to another correspondent a few days later. In both letters he proceeds to say that he has done with all the passions of the world. It is the old story. His Lordship takes leave, we see, of the

world and its vanities in such pretty language that he can't help learning it by heart; and, like Pope's dying actress, puts one touch of rouge on his faded cheeks.

One would not sure be frightful when one's dead!

Lord Chesterfield had too much genuine intelligence to be contemptible, and certain relics of natural affection, and even of patriotism, which prevent him from being hateful; but, on the whole, we must doubt whether familiarity with this high-priest of the Graces—to use the faded language of his day—will much heighten our regret for their loss. Dr.

Johnson, the "respectable Hottentot," as his Lordship calls him, has got the best of it in the long run. His letter to Chesterfield remains as a splendid specimen of hard hitting, or, as Mr. Carlyle calls it, a "far-famed blast of doom," proclaiming to the listening world that patronage should be no more, and conferring a kind of immortality on its victim. The fine gentleman was unlucky in coming into collision with that rough mass of genuine manhood; and yet the fact that he received a fair knock-down blow from Boswell's hero is, perhaps, his best title to be remembered by posterity.

THE railway excavations now in progress within the grounds of the old Seraglio at Constantinople are watched with great interest by Byzantine archaeologists, and the Rev. G. Curtis, one of the most learned of the local antiquarians, communicates to the *Levant Herald* an interesting note on their results. Mr. Curtis says:—

The ancient buildings which the Roumelian railway workmen have lately struck upon within the precincts of the Seraglio appear to be the remains of the monastery of the Panagia Odegetria and of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul. The site of the monastery was formerly occupied by the Injilli Kiosk. The church was near the point, at the west corner of the Seraglio garden. I have known the ruins of the monastery between two and three years; I cannot doubt that its chambers were used as prisons. I entered the building from the shore, and found constructions resembling a vaulted nave and aisles; passing into what may be described as the right aisle, I observed that its roof was a kind of lean-to, resting upon a wall of older date; this wall had been pierced with a window and a door; several corbels jut out from it just below the line of juncture. At the corner of the aisle I passed through a massive doorway into a dark room, and by the aid of a candle discovered crosses and initials scratched on one of the inner walls. Since my first visit I have gone there several times with friends, and become convinced that this building was originally a monastery.

Mr. Curtis goes on to say that on passing up a central passage he remarked an imprinted tile in the keystone of an arch forming the entrance to one of two chambers. He could not at first succeed in deciphering the inscription until he thought of reading it backwards; he then discovered the contracted name "Pnagia," the well-known title of the Blessed Virgin. This, he thinks, proves it to be the monastery dedicated to her. Another proof is that the Greeks have a traditional reverence for an *ayasma* somewhere on this spot, the water of which *ayasma* was supposed to have a miraculous power to cure blindness. On visiting other rooms of a lower story he found they could be approached through only one very low entrance leading to strongly vaulted chambers, which,

from the manifest absence of all provision for admitting the light of heaven, must have been used as prisons. The state of some of the walls seems to commemorate some anxious hour of haste and confusion: long shafts of pillars that once graced the hall or court being thrust here at their length, there with their butt-ends sticking out of the hastily compacted barrier, as if the only thought of the constructor was to secure his defence and bar out the enemy. Mr. J. P. Brown, the secretary of the American legation, and another enthusiastic student of Byzantine antiquity, differs from Mr. Curtis in his surmise as to the identity of the unburied remains, and says:—

The workmen engaged on the Roumelian railway works have brought to light several objects of considerable historical interest within the boundary of the old Seraglio (Byzantium). Among other remains of this imperial residence down to the twelfth century they have found the famous prisons of the Prætorian Guard of the Greek emperors of the Lower Empire, near the Injilli Kiosk. They are a series of vaulted chambers, 138 by 40 feet, all in the most perfect state of preservation. A large marble statue, attached to which is an inscription, has been dug up, with several other inscriptions of small importance.

On the other hand, again, Mr. Knight, also a diligent explorer of Old Stamboul, inclines to Mr. Curtis's opinion in favour of the monastery and against the prisons. The very ancient Monastery of the Virgin certainly existed, he says, very close to the spot. It was sacked *con amore* on the troops of Mohammed II. gaining possession of that part of the city in the month of May, A.D. 1453, and it is somewhat strange that these ruins should now be opened out in the very months of May and June. It is of course impossible to decide which of those learned antiquarians is right in his conjecture, but the First Commissioners of Works in Whitehall-place would no doubt be able to give a decided opinion on the subject. Perhaps after all the ancient buildings were but coal-cellars.

Fall Mall.

CHAPTER XL.

PATTY'S ADVISERS.

WHEN Paul Whitmore went away, Mrs. Downes wished her husband would go downstairs with him. She wanted to get rid of Mr. Downes; she cared little that he should be courteous to the artist. The short interview between the two men had shown her there could be no friendship between them.

"So much the better—it makes me all the safer."

Patty had studied her husband's character; his was just one of the natures she had power to read thoroughly, and she had realized painfully during the last half-hour that all his idolatry, all her beauty, would fail to keep her on the throne she now filled in Mr. Downes's mind, if he ever came to know about her origin.

"He's not up enough yet among great people himself to be liberal about such a misfortune," Patty sighed, "and he's right. If one wants to climb, one must do it boldly; there's no use in stopping to see who one kicks down as stepping-stones, and people can't climb high who have any drag to pull them down. Paul will never speak about Ashton to my husband, I know he won't; and I don't mean ever to see his wife, and I don't fancy," she smiled, "that Mrs. Whitmore will hear a single word about me or my portrait."

While Patty stood thinking, Mr. Downes had been bending over the canvas. He looked at his wife—

"That is a clever young fellow, Elinor; but he has a very objectionable manner: he wants deference—I think you must keep up your dignity a little more, darling. Mr. Whitmore scarcely seems to feel that it is a privilege to paint such a face as yours. I came up to tell you that Henrietta has come to luncheon: the truth is, I asked her yesterday. I—I am very anxious you should see a good deal of Henrietta, darling; she knows everybody, and there is a certain style about her, and—and—" Here Mr. Downes floundered; a rising flush on the lovely pink cheeks warned him that he was getting into trouble.

But Patty's natural coolness saved him from the petulant answer a more sensitive, more loving wife would possibly have been betrayed into making. She looked at her husband and smiled.

"Mrs. Winchester is your cousin, Maurice. I hope she will always find a pleasure

in coming to see me. Shall we go down to her?"

Mr. Downes pulled out his long whiskers; he had expected a different answer, and, not being a quick-witted man, he was disconcerted. He could not find fault with his wife's words, and yet they did not satisfy him. Since their arrival in Park Lane he had become aware of an increasing sense of disappointment. His wife was charming,—he had never seen any one so beautiful,—she had far less of girlish ignorance than might have been expected from her age and secluded education, and yet he was not satisfied. He did not know what he wanted. He thought that he wished the playful archness which gave Mrs. Downes her most bewitching expression, should be used for him as well as against him—for his wife was never so gay and charming as when she made him give up his most determined resolutions; but he was not even sure about this.

"She is thoroughly sweet-tempered," he said, as he followed her downstairs: "most women dislike their husband's relations;" and then he sighed—he was actually silly enough to think that, perhaps, if Elinor were not quite so easy-tempered, she might be more loving.

Mrs. Winchester rustled all over as she rose and shook hands with her cousin's wife.

Mrs. Winchester was a finely-formed woman, with a face that had once possessed the beauty of a fresh complexion, and large bright unmeaning blue eyes, but to freshness had succeeded the peculiar coarseness which told of open-air driving in all weathers, and habits of luxury. Mrs. Winchester looked now like a Juno rather the worse for wear; and, conscious of her losses, she strove to hide them by an elaborate costume and a judicious use of powder and pale blue ribbon.

Mr. Downes kept silent; he left his wife and her visitor to entertain each other, but the talk soon flagged. Mrs. Winchester occupied herself in criticising the trimming on Patty's dress, and in taking stock of the rings she wore; her eyes travelled carefully from the bow of the tiny shoe to the waves of bright sunny hair; not in rapid glances, but in a practical, methodical fashion. Mrs. Winchester was taking notes, and meant to remember them.

Mr. Downes grew impatient of the silence. "Elinor has just given her first sitting to your artist, Henrietta."

"Your artist!" The cousins were looking at each other; neither of them saw the lightning in Patty's dark blue eyes. An-

ger is so terrible in blue eyes. There is a steely brightness in it which brown eyes have no power to render: in the last there is the glow of passion; in the other, the glare of stern displeasure. But Patty's feelings had not reached such a pitch of sternness.

"Good gracious," she thought, "if these two are going to discuss Paul, I'd better stop my ears. De Mirancourt said, 'When you are bored, think of something pleasant.'"

Mrs. Downes forced her attention away, though she longed to listen; and reminded herself that in a fortnight she was to be presented at Court, and that she should certainly make Mrs. Winchester look very *passée* as they drove along side by side. But Patty was only a woman, though she was so clever; and she could not help, after a minute, gathering up the crumbs of talk between the faded Juno and her husband.

"But still, Maurice, you must acknowledge he is a remarkable person—not much appreciation for style, and that kind of thing, you know; but he quite amuses me: these fresh unconventional people are so original and amusing. I expect your wife, now, would quite take his fancy."

His cousin left off speaking, but Mr. Downes stood listening; he wished to give her opportunity to explain her last remark; then seeing the lady sink back gracefully into her chair, he turned his head stiffly towards her—slowly as well as stiffly, as if he were striving not to impair the upright set of his collar.

"I suppose you mean in common with the effect produced on every one else; otherwise I am at a loss to conceive how my wife should have any special charm for this Mr. Whitmore."

It was just at this point that Patty roused, or rather that her interest forced her to listen.

What had gone before to cause her husband's words? She met his eyes—conscious that her own were full of eager terror, and that she was blushing.

Mr. Downes was delighted. He thought his wife had been annoyed by Mrs. Winchester's remark, and to see her thus appealing to his protection against his cousin's sneer gave him an exquisite sense of pride and power.

At that moment he would have done anything she asked.

"How silly Maurice looks when he smiles in that way," Patty said to herself, quite restored and composed now that she felt safe again.

"You dear Maurice," Mrs. Winchester smiled, in a large, encouraging manner—she was not quite so rich as Mr. Downes, and it was delightful to have a chance of patronising him,—“don't you see what I mean? Artists always admire natural beauty far more than that which is trained and conventional. Don't look ashamed, my dear Elinor, you will lose your freshness quite soon enough.” Mrs. Winchester's silk flounces rustled again in a little chorus of applause.

Patty gave her a sweet, innocent glance.

"Oh, dear, I hope not! I want to keep fresh and natural for a long, long time; it must be so dreadful to look faded, and to have to think of what is becoming and all that; it would soon make me quite vain, I'm afraid."

Mr. Downes was startled; it was impossible that his wife could be acting, she spoke so simply and heartily, and yet when he saw the discomfiture in his cousin's face, he wished Elinor had said something less personal.

"She couldn't mean it, of course, it was a chance shot," and then he laughed to himself, "Poor Henrietta! I am afraid it came rather near the mark."

"When you come down to see us at Brookton, my dear, you will be quite in your element," said Mrs. Winchester; "you may be as wild as you like at Brookton,—milk the cows, you know, or anything that takes your fancy. Ah, Maurice, when will you settle down at Hatchhurst, and be the model landlord Charles is, with his cottages and his prize pigs?"

Mr. Downes had grown angry; he waited to swallow his indignation before he spoke, and his wife answered—

"I must come to you to teach me a good deal first, Henrietta; if you know how to milk cows, I suppose you understand all the rest. You see I have spent so much of my life at school that I am alarmingly ignorant on all these homely subjects; but I've no doubt I shall like Brookton and the prize pigs immensely. I don't think Maurice looks old enough for a model landlord, do you? We'll wait to go to Hatchhurst till we want repairing, won't we, dear?"

She said this with the arch playfulness her husband loved so much; she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced up for the smile which she knew was waiting for her.

"Little fool," said Juno in a puffet; and then aloud, "My dear child, you don't

imagine that people live in London all the year round, do you?"

"Oh no; but then we shall prefer to go abroad. We like variety and amusement. I'm afraid your grand country-houses full of dull English people would bore us terribly, wouldn't they, Maurice?"—she had caught a glimpse of frowning between her husband's eyebrows—"although we had the occasional relaxation of milking, you know." Her laugh rang out merrily; even Mrs. Winchester believed that though her young cousin stung, it was by chance, and that she was as free from guile as a road-side nettle.

"You are so young, my dear, you don't know how very pleasant such gatherings are, besides the introductions they lead up to. Why, I expect Lord Dacre and his brother, Lady Elsland and her two daughters, Sir John and Lady Pierpark, and many others of the same class."

"But are they amusing?"

Mrs. Winchester looked gravely at her cousin Maurice; her own father had been a rich manufacturer without any ancestry to speak of; she thought as much of a title as poor Mrs. Bright did. It seemed to her that any one sufficiently audacious to despise a title must go wrong, and she was sure of Maurice's sympathy on this point.

"Elinor is joking," he said; "we shall both enjoy a visit to Brookton, but I want you two to plan some dinners and entertainments; in fact, whatever you please. It seems to me quite time Elinor should show herself in her own house."

"Luncheon was announced, and Patty made no answer to her husband's suggestion; she was thinking—

"I was in too great a hurry, after all, and yet I don't know. So long as one's husband has a certain position, nothing else matters really when people have once seen me; it does not signify who or what he is, and he is very presentable. Poor fellow! does he really think my life is going to be shaped out between him and that fat vulgar woman?"

The "vulgar woman," going on before on Mr. Downes's arm, was saying—

"She'll do famously, after a bit, you know, when she has had just a little training; I'll do all I can, you may be sure."

To which Mr. Downes answered—

"Thank you; yes, she is so sweet-tempered, so anxious to do all I wish. I don't suppose any one was ever so fortunate as myself."

"But then," said Mrs. Winchester, when she reached home and related the foregoing conversation to her quiet, sub-

dued husband, "you know Maurice is such a foolish, self-willed fellow; he has such an idea of his own opinion; I'm quite sure if one only knew his wife's history, there is something in it he has no cause to be proud of. People ought to have relatives of some sort or other."

CHAPTER XLII.

AT ROGER WESTROPP'S.

MISS COPPOCK had gone up and down in life, not by the gradual turn of Fortune's wheel, but by those swifter risings and fallings of which the child reaps an early experience as he tumbles on the nursery floor, pitches headlong down a flight of stairs, or finds himself at the sudden giddy height of a swing.

Her experience had taken its complexion from these sudden transitions; and as she had indulged, like most of her sisterhood, in much novel reading of a highly-spiced sort, she had exaggerated and strongly-coloured opinions.

Patty laughed at her, and called her romantic; it was a profanation of the word, for there was none of the chivalry and freshness of true romance in Patience's forecastings. Intrigue, mystery, an implicit belief in the evil of human nature, composed the foundation of her fears and schemes, and the last of these was very uppermost as she stood looking at the face sketched on the canvas.

Patty's daring surprised her.

"How could she have the face and bring that man here, with the risk of his wife finding her out, too? though perhaps Patty has made him promise not to tell: she is capable of anything; that I believe."

Miss Coppock stood before the picture with a very dissatisfied face.

"I don't think I ought to let this go on under my eyes without speaking to Mr. Downes—no, how can I talk such nonsense? Speak to him—I'll die first." A curious twist came on the thin lips, a mixture of anger and suffering.

Her thoughts went on. Even if she could overcome her repugnance, what good would come of an appeal to Patty's husband—what chance had she of being believed? She would be dismissed, and so lose the hold which made her dismissal as she thought impossible.

If Patty had married a stranger, Patience would probably have sided with the wife against the husband, but Maurice Downes's claim was older, dearer than Patty's. The poor faded woman had at

first wept bitter, scalding tears when she found herself utterly unrecognized, an object of dislike to Patty's husband, but she had learned to rejoice in this. Patty had taught Miss Coppock long ago that she must not live for herself, and now it seemed to her excited notions that she was taking a glorious revenge on her faithless lover in watching over his wife for his sake. She did not want Patty to love Mr. Downes. Patience would have stoutly denied the charge of selfishness in this, but the one drop of balm in her miserable existence lay in thinking how happy she would have made Maurice's life, if he had kept faith with her!

"He might have known, then, what a true wife can be to a husband."

Her life was far more unhappy than it had been before Patty's marriage. In Park Lane Miss Coppock felt herself an upper servant. Patty to her was simply Mrs. Downes, smiling, rarely affording an outlet for the bitter words Patience longed to speak, but as utterly, callously indifferent as though her companion had been a block of senseless wood.

"Why don't I give up; it's killing me?" said Patience, as she still stood before the canvas. "Why do I care how Patty behaves to him when he takes no more notice of me than if I were one of the maids? — it's worse than that." She was sobbing unconsciously with intense humiliation. "I know it makes him sick to look at me; I heard him say only yesterday that ugliness was as loathsome as disease: he didn't mean me to hear." She wiped her poor eyes, shining now with tears in place of their departed brightness. "No, his nature's not as changed as all that, though her influence is enough to spoil any goodness, — but I heard him say it. I'm such a fool that my ears seem to hunger for every word he speaks, and all the more because I dare not look at him; I daren't: there's no saying, if our eyes met, that he mightn't remember me."

Poor Patience! she had not changed nearly so much as Maurice Downes had. The seamed, scarred skin that masked the form of every feature, the fringeless, dull eyes, could not choke the expression of feeling as the growth of self-love and worldliness had choked the power of repentance and tenderness in the fair whiskered, perfectly dressed husband of Elinor Downes: there was no fear that he could remember Patience Clayton, the love of his youth; he had forgotten the episode altogether.

But there is no blindness in love equal

to the blindness of a disappointed woman.

"No, I can't go away," she went on. "She may not seem to care for what I say, but I am a cheek upon her for all that; I can keep her from making Maurice miserable, and besides" — a gleam of hope brightened her sad face — "if I see things going too far with Mr. Whitmore, I'll speak to Roger Westropp himself. I'd half a mind to say something yesterday: he's neither fear nor favour to keep him back, and I can see he's not best pleased as it is with her for never going to see him. I shan't forget his face in a hurry, when I told him Mrs. Downes wished him to be considered her foster-father; when I think of the lies she must have told her husband to account for her having no relations, it makes me almost hate her."

Here again Patience exaggerated; Patty had not been truthful, but in some ways she had kept to facts. This was the story Mrs. Downes had told her husband. Her mother had died when she was quite young; her father had not been a kind husband, had always seemed badly off, and she had lost sight of him for years; her fortune had come to her from an uncle, her only surviving relative, and till she went to school in France she had lived under the care of Roger Westropp, an old countryman. She called him her foster-father, as he was husband to the woman who had nursed her when a child. This was her story, with the superadded fact of her own creation, that she had been at a French school from childhood. If Mr. Downes had been less infatuated, if he had been in England even, he might have made a more searching inquiry. The letters of old Mr. Parkins, the Australian lawyer's agent, relative to the marriage settlement, had corroborated Patty's representations. The rank and position of her school friends showed Mr. Downes that his wife was qualified for the position he intended her to fill. The only cloud that ever came across his satisfaction was the possible reappearance of the missing father, Mr. Latimer, whom Mr. Downes imagined to be a gentlemanlike spend-thrift. He had soon let Patty discover that he was just as unwilling to see Roger Westropp, the country foster-father, at Park Lane, as she was to receive him there. Poverty, misfortune, and ugliness were abhorrent to Mr. Downes; he liked the sunny side of the peach, and he would not be cognizant that both sides were not sunny.

"Well, do you think it will be a likeness? you ought to be able to judge by this time."

Patience started. Mrs. Downes had come into the room, and had been looking at her for some minutes.

"I—oh, I suppose it will be like—" The moving exhortation she had planned to deliver seemed out of place in presence of this smiling, artless creature. In her soul Patience struggled to keep to her harsh estimate of Mrs. Downes, but today Patty's eyes were full of sweet affectionate sunshine, and the poor unloved woman could not refuse herself the unwonted enjoyment. Distrust in Miss Coppock was universal, not special; she was as eager to snatch at a present gratification as a child is to grasp roses in the hedge he is driven rapidly along-side of.

"As Mr. Downes says," said Patty musingly, "it won't be easy to imitate my complexion."

Patience was accustomed to hear Mrs. Downes's special charms discussed by their owner as if they were unrivalled. Patty had a way of taking herself to pieces in talk, and apprising each detail.

"I dare say not, and yet that little likeness of your—of Mr. Westropp's—gives it perfectly; by the bye," she turned round eagerly from the canvas, "I wanted to tell you I saw him yesterday, and he sent you a message."

Mrs. Downes grew so red that Patience thought she was angry.

"What do you mean?"

"I couldn't help seeing him; you sent me to Clancery Lane to make those inquiries for you about old Mr. Parkins, and just as I came out of the lawyer's office I met Mr. Westropp. He caught hold of me before I'd time to turn away."

"Why should you turn away from him? I am very glad to hear about him. Is he quite well?"

Patience looked at her; there was a glister in the deep blue eyes, and the red still glowed hotly on the delicate skin, but Mrs. Downes spoke calmly.

"Either she hasn't any feelings, or she acts as well as if she was downright wicked." To Mrs. Downes she said, bluntly—

"No, I don't think he's well at all; he says it is the closeness of London, and this soft change in the weather, but he's as white as a sheet, and he seems so feeble. He says you ought to have

gone to see him before this, and he sent you a message, but I don't think you'll like it."

"Nonsense." Mrs. Downes pressed her lips together to keep them still. "Why should I dislike it? What did he say?"

"Well, only don't blame me afterwards." Patience was half afraid, and yet she secretly rejoiced at the sting which she knew even Patty must feel in listening. "He said, 'You can give my dooty to Madame Downes, and tell her she've got no cause to fear her father'll be the one to bring shame on her finery. You can tell her too as her mother were a virtuous woman, though she were poor; let Martha have a care she don't do nought to disgrace me.'"

There was a silence. Womanly feeling was still strong enough to keep Patience's eyes turned away. She did not see Mrs. Downes grow white for an instant, and then make a strong effort at indifference.

"Ah," she said, calmly, "he's angry, and he has a right to be angry. I meant to have gone before now. I'll go and see him to-day."

"You'll want me to go with you?"

"Yes, I shall only drive to the railway station, and I cannot travel alone by railway."

Even now accustomed as she was to Mrs. Downes's splendour, and the observances she exacted, a remark of this kind brought a smile to the companion's pale lips, and Patty saw it, but she was too wise or too indifferent to take any notice.

Patty did not choose to show her father the style in which she lived; she was only going, to see Mr. Westropp, her pensioner; it was unnecessary that her servants should see their mistress calling at such a dirty house.

She drove to the station, and then went on by train with Miss Coppock.

"Stay here till I come back," she said, when they reached the station for Bellamount Terrace; and she set forth alone.

She had dressed very quietly in black silk, with a simple bonnet, and a thick black veil, but it seemed to Patty that everyone she met looked at her.

"And mine is a face sure to be recognized. One comfort is, no one in society could live in such a den as this is."

The house in Bellamount Terrace looked as dingy and squalid as ever, but Patty scarcely gave it a momentary glance:

she ran up the little garden—or rather assemblage of weeds—and the steps, and knocked.

Her heart beat in a most unusual fashion while she waited; all her acquired dignity seemed to be slipping away like sand. She felt the old petulance, the old flippancy on her tongue, when at last the door was slowly opened by her father.

"It's you, is it? Go in, will you?"

Neither of them made any attempt at greeting. Patty felt, as she passed on into the small squalid room, that none of De Mirancourt's teaching would serve her here. She realized what others have realized before her, that no light is so fierce and searching as that in which we are seen and judged by the eyes of near kindred. No modern gloss will cover or atone for a once known defect of childhood.

Roger pushed a chair forward; he remained standing even after Patty's silk skirt had left off rustling.

She looked up with her irresistible smile; but though the motive that had called it forth was self, though her visit was made quite as much with a view to her own security as from natural yearning to see his face again, there was some feeling yet in the girl's heart, and she saw that in Roger's hollow eyes and sickly hue which drove the glow from her own cheeks, and brought an anxious look to her eyes.

Roger had watched her intently; his pride was soothed, and his stubborn resolve not to show pleasure at the sight of her yielded. He sat down.

"Well, lass, I'm glad to see ye, but you've taken long enough to think whether you should come or not."

"It was too bad of me, wasn't it? but you see in London there certainly is about half the time for everything one gets in the country, but I hope to come often now. Don't you pine after the country, father?"

A deep flush, and a sudden vexed biting of her under lip, came like a cloud over Patty's sunshine; but the lovely blue eyes smiled still—as eyes will smile to which the practice is one of habit rather than of feeling.

How easily the familiar word had slipped out, it seemed to her, in the cowed mood which Roger's self-restraint had imposed on her, that she must never risk seeing her father in Mr. Downe's presence—the word would slip out again.

Patty wished herself safe in Park Lane. Roger's smile had faded; and even while it had lasted the half-knowledge she had of her father had made her aware that he had not had his say yet, and that, unless she

could fence it off by her own cleverness, she had something to hear to which it would be unpleasant to listen. She detested strife or dispute; if all the world would only keep good-tempered and smile over their disagreements, it would be so much better. It would be too absurd if her father quarrelled with her for disowning him, when it would be so much pleasanter and so much more for his own interest to keep good friends.

"Pine after the country, eh?"—Roger smiled again, but with so much sarcasm that Patty grew nervous—"No, lass, I don't think it—and even so be I was to, I shouldn't turn my back on London; I've too much to look after here."

"But I mean for your health." Patty had not felt so shorn of all her strength since she left Ashton. She looked pleadingly in the small restless eyes, but she found no help in them—it seemed as if her father had an intuitive knowledge of her perplexity, and was determined to enjoy it to the uttermost.

If she could only get up and go away; but she dared not do this: it might provoke the very explanation she was determined to escape from.

"My health?"—with a disagreeable laugh,—“you've grown mighty careful about me all of a sudden. My health is as good as it has been all these months past, Patty—I should say Mrs. Downe—I mind that's more suited to your wishes; ain't it, ma'am?"

A nightmare was pressing on Patty's new self. Her polish, her easy smiling power of repartee, seemed held back from her by a strength she could not grapple with; but she would not submit: she strove for freedom, and the natural weapon of her childhood, her insolent petulant tongue, made itself once more heard.

"Of course it is,"—with the old toss and the pouted scarlet lips,—“I don't see why I shouldn't be called by my own name; Patty isn't a name at all,—it's not fit for a Christian."

Her eyes glistened with angry tears.

"Hark ye, lass,"—Roger smiled at her discomfiture; “you may do as you choose, for aught I mind, but I'll not sit here to listen to reproach cast on your dead mother. She named you Patty when you was a little un: you may be ashamed o' me, if you please; but have a care how you let me see you're ashamed o' her."

There was the old sternness in voice and look, and Patty breathed more easily: she knew the end of Roger's angry moods; it was his sarcasm that took away her wits.

"Ashamed! it's too bad to say that; as if it's likely I could be—you seem to think badly enough of me, I must say, father. I mayn't, perhaps, have been as dutiful as some children; I'm sorry; but then you know you've brought me up to hate profession and show of liking—I thought by doing what I thought you wished, I was showing the dutifulness you'd value most. You can't have everything." Her own words sounded so virtuous that Patty felt in a glow. What a good daughter she had been after all to this sordid father, who had refused to change his mean miserable ways even when she gave him means for a very different way of life.

Roger looked up sharply through his frowning, shaggy eyebrows.

"Dootifulness you calls it—I don't see much dooty, Madame Downes, in payin' me back some of the hard-earned coin I spent first on Watty, and then on you. By rights,"—he doubled his bony fist and struck his knee with it,— "the money warn't yourn at all; it must ha' come to me in the nat'ral course o' things—Watty havin' no other kin."

"I don't see that,"—Patty was growing cool and composed again,— "such things happen every day; where would be the use of making wills or of lawyers, if people always left their money in the regular way? Besides, it's much better as it is—I use the money, you would only let it rust; why, you don't nearly spend what I allow you."

Roger's pale face flushed, but Patty had no thought of wounding him; she had grown so accustomed to dependants, and also to consider her father as her pensioner, that it could never have occurred to her he might resent the allusion.

"Insolent hussy," he said to himself; "she's worse than I expected, but she shall pay for some of these airs and graces."

"That's as it may be—I spend in my own fashion fast enough: I never spent for show. As to your being ashamed to own me, I don't trouble about it, seeing it's your account, not mine, that 'ull go to—but I have a word or two I may as well say as you're here. One is"—he cleared his throat—"since you speak of what you allow me, that I don't consider the allowance over liberal for a fine lady such as you to give away. Stop"—Patty was eagerly trying to speak—"I want to hear how you and your husband get on to-

gether; if you're a good wife, may be it may make up for other shortcomin's."

Roger knew that if he had chosen to change his name to Latimer, and to make himself look respectable, his daughter could not have cast him off; and yet he resented that she should have ventured to choose her own husband for herself.

"Mr. Downes and I live very happily." Patty cast down her eyes. "He is very kind, and he thinks everything I do right."

"More fool he. I tell you your mother was the best wife as breathed; but, may be, if I'd spoiled her, she'd have turned out different. Well, lass, you've chosen for yourself: I wish you luck of your choice. If your husband's all you say, you can't make too much of him; maybe I'll see him one day."

"I'll bring him here some day." Patty's voice shook, though she tried hard to steady it. "Don't come to Park Lane; it would make everything tiresome, and I'll see about what you said just now at once; I will indeed;—I mean about money. I must go now, or I shall miss my train."

She looked at herself in the little smeared mirror, and her father looked too;—he sneered; but there was sadness in his face. Patty's action had taken him back to Ashton and his cottage, and his daily life; he had been happier in those old days.

"I saw Miss Nana, a while ago," he said; "she didn't see me; she was too taken up with her husband, and he was looking into her face as if she'd been his sweetheart instead of his wife. That's a pleasant marriage, I warrant. Maybe you've happened to come across them, eh?"

"No, I haven't." Patty tossed her head and gathered up her skirts in sudden anger. "Well, good-bye, father; I really must go now."

She was out of the room, in the road hurrying along to the station before she realized what she was doing.

The snort of an engine overhead, as she passed under the railway arch, steadied her wits.

"What a child I am!" she smiled with contempt at herself. "Doesn't a man often smile down into a woman's eyes without caring a bit about her? Most likely she's got a temper, and Paul's smile would sweeten a vixen. Poor fellow! what a mistake he made."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE STATE PAPERS OF FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLEMISH INTERIORS."

AMONG the irreparable injuries inflicted on France and on the world by the rabid and malicious fury of the "*Commune*," is one which will be more keenly felt by the historian and the antiquarian than even the demolition of the noble and storied edifices of Paris, swept ruthlessly away, with their intensely interesting associations and traditions.

At the moment when the demon of destruction let loose in Paris was sparing neither life nor property, and popular fury, venting itself with special satisfaction upon every object connected either with authority or tradition, went so far as to set fire, among other time-honoured monuments, to the Palais de Justice, it was natural we should ask ourselves with consternation, What—in this universal cataclysm—can have been the fate of the Archives of Paris? What also can have become of the venerable Archivist, the faithful guardian and zealous protector of these unique and priceless historical treasures—the living glossary of these authentic and suggestive documents, the intelligent interpreter of their often mysterious significance?

What a treat it was to spend a morning at the Préfecture—to talk history, the stirring and romantic history of France, with this zealous and learned connoisseur, in every way worthy of his trust! What a feast he could provide out of his vast storehouse, filled as it was with the very concentrated essence of historic lore!

There is something more than mere sentimentality in the enthusiasm which fires us when we see beneath our eyes, and hold in our hands, the genuine, original documents from which all history has been taken—the raw material out of which the web of fiction and fact, poetry and prose, romance and history, have alike been woven—the terse, simple, honest statements which have been so distorted by the interests, the party-spirit, or the prejudices of those through whose hands they have been transmitted to us, that when we see them in their virginal purity we find it difficult to believe they can have any connection with the inflamed and exaggerated, the coarse and passionate, forms under which we have been taught to know them.

There were, however, among these same State Papers of France, some records so hideous in their naked truth that

no historian could render them more ghastly; so fiery in their native colouring that even a modern dramatist would have found it difficult to make them more sensational; and, strange to say, in these days of boasted progress and civilization, the very fiercest of them are vividly recalled to us by the not less sanguinary and diabolical acts we read of as occurring at the present hour.

Little, indeed, did we dream when studying those fearful details, that a second Reign of Terror was in the future of our own experience, and that scenes as revolting were about once more to disgrace the same nation.

Since the date of the petroleum-incendiary fires in Paris, grave have been the conjectures and various the reports as to the destiny of this invaluable portion of what we may term the "properties" of the State; it is therefore with no small satisfaction that we learn from an authentic source the safety of the greater part of the "*Archives Historiques*," rescued, strange to say, by the merest accident, the details of which are as follows:—

In the month of January last, during the siege of Paris by the Prussian troops, a fire suddenly broke out one day at the Préfecture de Police, at that time under the direction of M. Cresson, whose coadjutors were M. Choppin, now Préfet de l'Aisne, and M. Léon Renault, now Préfet du Loiret. The conflagration was promptly arrested and proved to have been the result of an accident; it, however, aroused the fears of M. Cresson, and suggested to him the possible occurrence of many disasters, which he prudently resolved to forestall. He immediately caused the most valuable of these MSS. to be removed to a place of safety, selecting for that purpose a vault, in which he had them bricked up, enclosing with them the celebrated Venus of Milo, one of the choicest of the antiquities from the Louvre; to this precaution alone do we owe their preservation from the destruction in which they must have been involved when, on the 24th of May last, the wing of the edifice whence they had been abstracted was maliciously fired.

From the schedule * of all that now re-

* Authentic list of the portion of the Historical Archives saved from the Préfecture de Police:—
The prison books containing the *écrous* (entries) of prisoners confined respectively at the—

Conciergerie	from the year 1500 to 1794
Châtelet	" " 1651 " 1793
At the Prisons —	
Of St. Martin,	from the year 1649 to 1791
" St. Eloy,	" " 1693 " 1743

mains, appended below, it appears that several extremely interesting documents are absent: among those missing, is one of which we should be sorry there could be a duplicate, and yet the world can hardly afford to lose so striking and characteristic a relic. We are all familiar with the figurative diction which speaks of books "written in blood," but few of us have realized to themselves the horror with which they would peruse such pages; yet, among the vast collection of State curiosities preserved in the extensive

Of La Tournelle, from the year 1667 to 1775

" La Tour St. Bernard, " 1716 " 1792

" Bicetre, " " 1780 " 1796

" La Force, " " 1790 " 1800

" Port-Libre (Port-Royal), for the years II. and III. of the Republic.

" St. Lazare, for year II. of the Republic.

" L'Egalité (College du Plessis), for the years II. to IV. of the Republic.

" Ste. Pelagie, from 1793 to year VII. of the Republic.

" the Abbaye, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

" the Luxembourg, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

" the Carmes, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

" the Maison de Sante de la Folie-Regnault, for year II. of the Republic.

" " Maison de Sante Belhomme.

" " du Temple, from year IV. to 1808.

" Vincennes from 1808 to 1814.

The Registers of the interrogatories of individuals arrested for emigration and opposition to the Revolution, from 1793 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of divers police researches, from 1790 to year II. of the Republic.

The Registers of prisoners by order of the King, from 1728 to 1772. (Provincial Proceedings)

The Registers of criminal proceedings, from the year 1725 to 1789.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King within the jurisdiction of Paris.

Inventory of persons imprisoned by order of the King. (Provincial Jurisdiction.)

Decisions of Provincial Councils.

Sentences and decisions of the Parliament of Paris from 1767 to 1791.

M.S. collection of laws and police regulations, known as the "Collection Lamoignon," 1182 to 1762.

The Registers of the banners, and colours of the Chatelet.

The laws, regulations, and edicts enacted from the time of St. Louis to that of Henri II. inclusive.

Notes on the prisoners of the Bastille from 1681 to 1789.

All *Lettres de Cachet* between 1721 and 1789.

The Procès-verbaux, or official statements of Police functionaries, from 1790 to 1814.

Judgments, orders of arrestation, of transferment of liberation of prisoners, from 1789 to year V. of the Republic.

Notes by Topinot Lebrun relative to the individuals cited before the Revolutionary tribunal.

Funeral services, programmes, and other particulars relating to the inhumation of Princes.

All the papers relating to the attempt by the infernal machine of the Rue St. Nicolas.

Papers relating to the trials of Georges Cadoudal; General Mallet; Fauche; Borel and Perlet; Lavalette; the Confederates of Paris; of Maubreuil; the Twenty-two Patriots; Ceracchi; the Ex-conventionalists; the Conspiracy of 1820; Louvel; Mathurin Bruno; La Rochele, &c., &c.

chambers of the Préfecture, existed a volume which might be literally and not rhetorically so described. I have held it in my hand, *horresco referens*, and turned its discoloured leaves, and read upon them the dreadful tale of human passions—for every line is the confession of a crime.

The history of this ledger is that of the "Hundred Hours." It stood propped up desk-fashion upon a small shelf facing the door of the Abbaye which opened into the court, and at the extremity of a short passage, up and down which paced Mailard, while the miserable prisoners, after undergoing a mock trial of a few minutes' duration, were led out, unconscious whether they were condemned or acquitted, and handed over to the "travailleurs," better known as "Septembriseurs"—those hired and extemporized executioners only too readily to be found in times of popular tumult—to be savagely butchered. The whole process of arrest, judgment, and execution appears to have occupied less than a quarter of an hour, and the voice of humanity must have been utterly stifled. The registry is made with consummate terseness: "Jugé par le peuple et mis à mort sur-le-champ," without the assignment of any cause, stands opposite every name with rare exceptions, though "Jugé par le peuple et mis en liberté" does occur once or twice. Opposite one, is this singular and suggestive entry: "Jugé par le peuple et mis en liberté," with a stroke through the last two words and the correction "à mort!" We ask ourselves, with a shudder, was this an act of clemency repented of during the penning of the entry? or—who knows?—was it that, after being acquitted, the wretched victim was massacred by mistake? Alas! none will ever know, till this world has ceased to be.

As the wretched prisoners, helpless and unresisting, were cut down and thrown quivering and mangled on a ghastly heap, their blood, like that of Abel, was crying vengeance from the ground, and was even then, as we shall see, rising up in silent but eloquent testimony against their relentless and inhuman murderers. Every page of this curious and, let us hope, unique volume, is stained with the blood of these hapless creatures, as it was dashed out of their frames with the clubs and knives with which they were slaughtered; while on some of the leaves remain the marks, sometimes of fingers, sometimes of the entire hand, of the brutal murderer who came in, reeking with gore from his scarcely-finished work, to in-

scribe his own name and that of his victim, and to obtain the price of blood.

The mode in which the payments were made, we learn from what may be called the Supplement to this bloody record: a file of "*Bons pour 25 francs*" preserved along with it, each being signed on the back by the "travailleur" who received it, and, after his name, added his trade or occupation and address. Little deemed he when complying with this formality that he was writing his own conviction; for we are glad to find that a day of retribution came at last, and on the strength of this very evidence, these "travailleurs," consisting of tradesmen and artisans, were traced, prosecuted, and convicted under the Restoration; being then punished either with the *Bagnes* or perpetual imprisonment.

Another hideous episode of this fearful epoch recorded here, was the massacre of the Collège de St. Firmin, scarcely less barbarous than that of the Carmes. The following singular I O U, which I copied, bears upon it its evidence of the principles on which such work was done: thus, it survives to be read by succeeding generations:—

"COMMUNE DE PARIS.

"The citizen treasurer of the Commune will please to pay to Gilbert Petit the sum of 48 livres, in consideration of the time devoted by him and three of his comrades to the despatching (*expédition*) of the priests of St. Firmin, during two days, according to the requisitions made to us by the section of *Sans Culottes* who employed them.

"Dated, à la Maison Commune, This 4th day of Ventose, 1vth year of Liberté and 1st of Egalité.

(Signed) NICOL & JEROME LAMARCK,
Commissaires de la Commune."

It is endorsed—

"Received the sum of 48 livres.
GILBERT PETIT X his mark."

The College of St. Firmin had existed since 1220, and stood in the Rue St. Victor. It had been abandoned for some time when the house was opened as a seminary for preachers, and St. Vincent de Paul was appointed its chaplain. This religious institution, suppressed in 1790, became the property of the nation, and served as a prison during the Reign of Terror.

It was at the time of this suppression that the wholesale assassination of the inmates occurred, and it is thus described by Nougaret:—

"At the Séminaire de St. Firmin," says he, "the ruffians, tired of executing their victims one by one, burst open the house, and rushed frantically within; in a few minutes it presented the appearance of a vast shambles, human blood began to flow on the beds and floors of the dormitory, and to pour in a stream down the stairs. Men still living were thrown from the windows to fall upon the pikes, bayonets, and scythes of those who stood below to receive them and finish the barbarous work.

"Those who had taken sanctuary at the altar were assassinated at its foot; while falling on their knees and striking their breasts they were receiving the benediction of the most venerable among them, and were imploring Heaven to pardon their murderers. Among the ninety-one priests thus sacrificed, was one Joseph-Marie-Gros, vicar of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet, who had always entertained the most paternal affection for his flock. While bewildered by the frantic figures of the cowardly villains who surrounded him, his eye fell on a face in the midst of them, which he immediately recognized as one of his parishioners, to whom he had always shown special kindness. A ray of hope illumined his horizon as the familiar features approached. 'Mon ami,' said he, 'surely I know you?'

"'Maybe you once did, but I no longer know any one but the Commune that pays me.'

"'Have you, then, forgotten all our former relations?'

"'Entirely.'

"The venerable old man gave himself up, and a tear trembled in his eye as he thought of the sinful ingratitude and perversity of his former catechumen. Meantime the fellow, surlily turning away his head that he might not meet the meek and silent reproach, beckoned to his comrades, who at once seized the grey-haired octogenarian, and remorsefully threw him from the window. His head was broken on the pavement below, which was strewn with his brains. His aged limbs quivered for a moment, but he moved no more, and his body was thrown on the ghastly heap beside him. When his will was opened, it was found he had left all his little property to the poor of his parish, with a special legacy to the miscreant whose hand had been the instrument of his death."

Among these State Papers are enumerated the *écrous* of all the prisoners who passed through the cells of the Abbaye during the Reign of Terror. Among them what can be more moving than that of the unfortunate Queen—the beautiful Marie Antoinette—once the idol, and a few short years later the butt, of the populace? Well indeed might Alfred Nettement pen those elegant and touching sketches of her as "*Heureuse comme une Reine*," and "*Malheureuse comme une Reine*!"

By these insolent cowards we find her

name entered as "Marie Antoinette, veuve de Louis Capet le *raccourci*!" while that of the Princess Elizabeth, the Kings sister, stands — "Marie Elizabeth Capet, accusé d'avoir excité le peuple à la haine et à la révolte contre l'autorité!" A singular charge to be made by fellows themselves rebels against all law and order.

Madame de Lamballe's and other distinguished names appear in the hideous list, where also we read that of Charlotte Corday.

Of all, however, perhaps the most curious, the most interesting, and certainly among the most valuable to the historian, was a bundle of papers contained in a worm-eaten wooden casket. Monsieur Labat, seeing how deeply occupied I was with the fortunes of the beautiful and hapless Queen, whose cruel fate I do not think I had ever so vividly realized to myself till this moment, produced this ancient box from some hidden recess, and placed it on the green baize cloth before me, with something like veneration; then, pointing to it, he said solemnly:—

"That box contains the solution to one of the enigmas of history. In that correspondence lies the complete and ample justification of Marie Antoinette, and the true story of the *COLLIER DE LA REINE*."

The papers seized at the house of Robespierre, after his assassination, are numerous, and, as may be supposed, among them are some terribly compromising. One bundle consisted entirely of anonymous threats and warnings addressed to this democrat, who must have lived for some months in hourly expectation of the fate he finally met. One of these is accompanied by a singular pen-and-ink caricature, in which he is represented sitting on a tomb occupying the centre of the paper: on it is inscribed the comprehensive epitaph—

"Cy-git toute la France!"

Beneath his feet are two volumes, labelled "Constitution de 1792," and "Constitution de 1793." On either side is a semicircle of guillotines, each specifically inscribed to signify that it has served to exterminate a separate class of society—nobles, landowners, ministers, officials, politicians, *savans*, priests, religious orders, tradesmen, &c. &c. At the base is one more guillotine, on which lies "Monsieur de Paris," the only individual now left alive, and whom Robespierre himself is therefore in the act of guillotining. We are given to understand by a note at foot,

that Robespierre having caused the whole French nation to be executed, and no longer needing the services of the headsmen, is giving himself the trouble of executing *him*, and then means to reign in peace over the whole of France.

The *procès verbal* of the *post-mortem* examination of Mirabeau is another curious *pièce*, proving that his death was not the result of poison, but of his own intemperate habits.

Absent likewise from the existing list is a characteristic autograph letter addressed by Louis-Philippe Joseph Egalité to his daughter, regulating her expenditure at the time when, having compounded with his creditors, he was himself living on an allowance of 200,000 livres a year. The Princess was then hiding in Brussels, and the letter was entrusted to a female domestic, who, bribed by the self-constituted Government of France, betrayed her employers to them and gave up their whereabouts, placing the letter in the hands of the President.

In it the Duke desires her to limit her expenses to 4,000 livres a month, and directs that her establishment shall consist of a "*gouvernante*," a "*femme de chambre*," and a "*valet de chambre*," and that she shall keep only one "*carrosse à deux chevaux*, pour sa promener trois ou quatre fois par semaine."

The report of the execution of Car-touche, also preserved here, affords some very dramatic particulars not generally known. This brigand was not only an immensely powerful man, but he had an iron will, and, when undergoing the fulfilment of his sentence, suffered the application of the "*question*" in very severe forms, without for a moment flinching or wavering in his determination not to betray his accomplices, persuaded as he was, that, before the final issue, he certainly should be rescued by the armed force of his desperate band. With wonderful constancy and confiding patience did the brigand chief await the arrival of his followers; and even when his limbs were so dislocated and mangled that he was about to be carried off to the scaffold to which he was no longer able to walk, he yet held firmly to his conviction of their intrepidity and fidelity. Alas! however, for this heroic faith, which might have been better placed, no signs of relief appeared; and when, arrived under the shadow of the guillotine, he saw himself hopelessly forsaken, his heart was filled with disappointment and rage.

"Stay," said he to the *Valets du bour-*

reau, who supported his shattered frame, "I have revelations to make."

On this, Cartouche was carried back — Heaven knows in what condition — to his cell, the condemned cell, an awful place to behold; pens and paper were brought, and the wretched convict made a last supreme effort to write down the names of his false friends and faint-hearted adherents. It was in vain; his arm dropped lifeless by his side, and he was fain to content his vengeance by dictating the fatal declaration.

Thirty names he gave, including those of two of his mistresses, which head the list, as it there stands appended to his "acte de condamnation."

This evidence, however, though fatal to his gang, served him but little, and the sentence which condemned him to die on the wheel was not even commuted; for we read in the margin of the record the fearful words "*rompu vif*," testifying to the mode of his death, and another note states that he lived twelve hours on the rack!

The Genovevan library possesses his skull, bequeathed by him to the Fathers of that monastery, within which he desired to be buried; it is asserted that just before he expired, the miserable man sent for one of these religious, and made a full and penitent confession.

Cartouche received his education in the same college as Voltaire, and among the *écrous* of the Bastille preserved here, his name is, by a singular coincidence, inscribed on the same page as that of "Arouet," when incarcerated there for libel — "*pour crime de poésie*," as the accusation is styled.

The "*lettres de cachet*" of all the prisoners who were ever arrested according to that formality, form another important collection among these papers; these "*lettres de cachet*," of the mysterious nature of which so many romancists have availed themselves, were all signed by the King and countersigned by the Minister; and by the mode in which the two signatures were bracketed together, it was impossible any other name could be inserted between. A knowledge of this fact may contribute to spoil some few pages of some few French novels, and upset the probabilities of their plots.

The *écrou* of Ravaillac I was curious to see, and it was instantly brought me. It stood in the middle of a double-columned page of an old book, so ancient that it almost crumbled beneath the touch. It shows this miscreant to have been not "a

Jesuit," as history generally states, but a "*praticien*," — a mechanic or industrial — possibly, a medical — practitioner.

That of Jacques Clement has been lost.

Many similar notes does my Diary of the year 1859 contain of visits to the Préfecture, but the above will suffice to show how deplorable would have been the loss had such unique and priceless memoranda been sacrificed to the insane fury of an association of coarse and unappreciative roughs.

It is a remarkable fact that notwithstanding the revolutions that have laid bare all the most hidden corners of Paris, notwithstanding the sacking and pillaging of public buildings, and the great interest many must have had in searching, appropriating, or destroying such documents as these, never, but with one solitary exception, has a single item been abstracted from the collection. Every successive archivist has remained sternly, as well as diplomatically, faithful to the traditions of his predecessors.

The occasion to which I refer, occurred during the Empire, when it appears that all the documents having any reference to the *affaire de Strasbourg* and the *affaire de Boulogne* were removed by supreme authority, on the plea that they belonged to another department, were not restored, and have never since been found!

The following anecdote appeared to me curious and characteristic, and as such I offer it to my readers: it is, at all events, authentic.

In 1818, when Caussidière was at the head of the Préfecture de Police, an individual, destined subsequently to occupy an important position, presented himself one day at the Dépôt des Archives, and exhibiting an authorization signed by certain members of the Government, requested that a register he required to consult should be given up to him. M. Labat received him, and, having listened to his request and examined his paper, returned it to him, at the same time politely but firmly regretting that it was quite impossible to comply therewith, on the plea that it was contrary to all precedent in the history of the nation for the archivist to allow the minutest item constituting his trust to leave the premises; he added, however, that he should be happy to allow any paper to be examined in his presence. This arrangement did not appear to suit the applicant, who withdrew extremely dissatisfied with the reply.

M. Labat repaired at once to Caus-

sidière's room, and informed him of the visit he had received and the demand which was its object.

"And you acquiesced?" replied he.

"By no means," said M. Labat.

"How! When he produced an authority!" exclaimed the astonished Caussidière.

"The refusal was absolutely imperative," answered M. Labat. "Only see whither such a precedent would lead us! My trust was handed to me intact, and I must transmit it in the same condition. Ours is an office in which we must, perforce, establish an inviolable solidarity; and the moment I am compelled by superior authority to infringe upon that principle, I shall resign my position."

Caussidière, well aware of the value of so zealous a defender of property so important to the nation, was delighted with the intelligence and courage of his subordinate.

"My dear M. Labat," said he, "would that France possessed a few more such public servants as you. Continue, I pray you, to act with as much prudence and firmness as you have exhibited to-day: I authorize you to keep a loaded pistol on your desk, and if need be to fire it at the first person who attempts to meddle with your papers, even if it should be myself."

From The Spectator.

M. THIERS AND THE POPE.

THE assembly at Versailles had a very stormy sitting this day week, of which the point at issue was this vast one, — whether they should refer the petition of the Bishops in favour of the Pope's Temporal Power to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, express their confidence in the prudence and patriotism of M. Thiers, and pass to the order of the day; or whether they should express their confidence in the prudence and patriotism of M. Thiers, and pass to the order of the day, without referring the petition to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It might be conjectured, perhaps, that the distinction, so infinitesimal in appearance, involved some great difference of result, — that the reference to the Minister of Foreign Affairs may have implied some different mode of dealing with the prayer of the petition. Not at all. Every one was agreed that nothing was to be done in the matter. The Minister of Foreign Affairs himself, M. Jules Favre, was

so utterly opposed to doing anything that he voted against having the petition referred to him, and appears to have tendered his resignation because he was beaten. M. Thiers, the chief of the Executive, whose "prudence and patriotism" were to be vouched for by both the competing resolutions alike, had declared authoritatively with his usual address that though his own political creed had always been, and still was, quite adverse to the abolition of the Pope's Temporal Power, still France, on emerging from her own terrible struggle, had to deal with a *fait accompli*, admitted as such and sanctioned by the whole of Europe, — a *fait accompli* which it would involve either a declaration of war or diplomatic procedure conveying menace of war to disturb, and that under the circumstances no prudent French statesman could think of hazarding again the tranquillity of France and the peace of Europe, in order to rend away her new capital from Italy and restore the Pope. M. Thiers intimated that he had always disapproved Napoleon III.'s Italian policy, on the very ground that the unity of Italy must lead to the unity of Germany, — i. e., a terrible menace to France, — and to the fall of the Temporal Power, — calamities all of which had now fallen upon Europe, as he had ventured to forecast; but of course the statesman must deal with facts and not wishes, and what he might have sought to prevent ere it was too late, he could not now presume to assail. Such being the view of the Chief of the Executive, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs being far more strongly opposed to any intervention in Italy on behalf of the Pope than M. Thiers himself, it seems curious that the reference of the Bishops' petition to the Minister of Foreign Affairs should have been supported by the Conservative and Clerical party, while the vote of the order of the day, pure and simple, was the proposal of the Left. The explanation lies in the fact that M. Gambetta had supported the simple passage to the order of the day before the other modification had been suggested; that M. Keller had declared that whatever M. Gambetta supported *could* not be satisfactory, since his support alone had the effect of rendering a course otherwise satisfactory, alarming; and that M. Thiers, always anxious to seem to hold the balance between the parties in this anomalous assembly, was compelled to accept the modification of the motion so as to take a distinction without a difference, in order that the thought of the whole Assembly might be expressed in language

which had *not* been positively approved by the great Radical leader. Such is the precise situation of the question of the temporal power in France; — all parties practically agree that nothing can be done, — the Bishop of Orleans himself declares that war is not to be thought of, and only feebly suggests that a coalition of States favourable to the Temporal Power might be brought about by French diplomatic efforts, — and the only division of opinion occurs *not* on the ecclesiastical policy, not even on the finest shade of ecclesiastical policy, but solely on the adhesion to it of the one capable man of the Republican party, with whom the Right are simply dismayed to find themselves in agreement. They are quite content, — even eager, — to abandon the Pope under the leadership of a man who had expressed his grief that the Pope must be abandoned. They are horrified only at finding themselves coming to the same conclusion with a man who has always wished that the Pope should be abandoned. They *wished* to vote that they would give up the Pope, though *not* without a sigh. They *objected* to vote that they would give him up cheerfully. That was the whole issue. While M. Thiers stood mournfully in the tribune, pausing ostentatiously ere he allowed any words to pass “the barrier” of his aged lips, making play with his black-edged pocket-handkerchief, and regretfully sacrificing his ancient policy to patriotic necessities, the Right applauded; but when they heard that the man who of all others would feel the most satisfaction in what had happened in Italy was as hearty a supporter of M. Thiers as themselves, then they murmured, and sought to distinguish between identical courses.

Now what should the Pope learn from this scene? Surely it should be that the French majority, in spite of an extreme dread and loathing of the *appearance* of co-operating with a radical and a sceptic, which they express by a perfectly and almost senselessly trivial modification of the resolution they had intended to adopt, — a modification suggested and carried solely for the sake of seeming to differ from M. Gambetta, — are compelled by the irresistible logic of facts to co-operate with him heartily, a result far more instructive and significant than if the aversion to co-operating with M. Gambetta had been less strikingly expressed. With all the wish in the world to dictate a distinct policy, a policy essentially distinct from his, a wish frankly avowed, they are compelled by the intractable force of circumstances to content themselves with an un-

meaning alteration of phrase only made for the very sake of seeming to differ where they agree. And when is the force of the circumstances which bind France likely to be relaxed? When is she likely to be able to act for the Pope and against Italy, — Italy at present her best chance as an ally? Perhaps some one may suggest, whenever it may please Prince Bismarck to take up the Pope's cause. But first, all the rumours run steadily in the direction of Prince Bismarck's bitter hostility to the Ultramontane cause. And secondly, even to support the Pope we should hardly find France acting with her recent conqueror, the master of Alsace and Lorraine, of Metz and Strasburg, and against the most intelligent and France-loving of the Latin nations of the Continent. As far as human eye can see, the force of circumstances which chains down France from any attempt at intervention on behalf of the Pope, is not likely to be relaxed, is much more likely to become even greater and greater.

Nor can we quite understand why the Ultramontanes do not heartily accept the situation and make the best of it. What is there, to a genuine believer in the See of St. Peter, so very terrible in it, after all? No doubt, Pio Nono has as a doctor of the Church, *ex cathedra*, and therefore infallibly, declared that the Temporal Power is most useful and in some respects even essential to the fullest and highest exercise of his spiritual authority; but he has never declared, and of course never will declare, that the fullest and highest exercise of his spiritual authority, must equally at all times be the purpose of God for the Pope, and there is no conceivable reason why he should not acquiesce in the existing condition of things so long as he is powerless to prevent it, instead of diminishing the spiritual authority actually left him by beating himself against the unpropitious fates like an imprisoned bird against the bars of its cage. If God cares for the Church and its Vicar, as all good Catholics believe, the spiritual authority will be even miraculously protected, in spite of all the danger caused by the loss of the Temporal authority. It is not in the power of the Church to mend the matter by lamentations, though it may be in its power to make matters worse. Why should not the Pope try for himself the prescription which the Church is always pressing on the world, namely, a little faith? Why not accept the signs of the times, and see what can be done from the Vatican without any Temporal Power?

Surely the matter is by no means so bad as the reactionary Cardinals represent it. There is the Pope more comfortably off than he ever was in his life before, rid of the responsibility of his debt, and of his great and expensive army and civil administration, able to give all his time and thought to the affairs of the Church proper, and quite certain, of course, to have miraculous protection from any infringement of his spiritual prerogative which Providence sees likely to be mischievous to the faithful. Why not be still and trust? Suppose his letters are opened or waylaid, — still he has the certainty of being the Vice-gerent of a Power who permits all this limitation of his authority for good purposes, and will not permit anything but what redounds to the glory of the Church in the end. Can't the party of the Vatican place a little more profound confidence in their own faith? Can't the Pope try what he can do without the Temporal Power, at least till the Temporal Power returns to him? As far as Protestants are concerned, their only fear is *lest*, if he did try frankly, he would be not *less* powerful, but *more* powerful than before, because rid of the overpowering political and national prejudices to which his Temporal sovereignty gave rise. Could not the Pope try and share their belief, especially as, in him, it would be a new sign of grace to trust that that which seemed to him so indispensable to his work, could be dispensed with by the divine Head of the Church without any detriment to his influence? Let the Pope for once take an honest foe's advice, and set himself earnestly to work under the new conditions without wasting more time in lamenting the old. We suspect it will be in any case some time before even the hope of recovering the Temporal Power can be again entertained; and it is clearly faithless, and far from a proper attitude of mind for the Vicar of Christ, to be throwing away valuable time and strength in jeremiads over lost opportunities of good.

From The Spectator.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

PRINCE BISMARCK has declared war on the Papacy, and is carrying on the campaign with all his accustomed vigour, and even more than his customary tact. The causes which have induced him to take this grave step in the teeth of so many and such obvious interests are still in part

obscure, but we can venture on what will be found, we think, at least a plausible explanation of his course. The Papacy has startled him, and the instinct of a man of his type when startled is to strike. The men who govern at Rome have, as we have so often contended, lost in losing their old training-schools, the sovereign bishoprics, much of their ancient statecraft, under-estimate the new forces in movement in the world, — as Bismarck in a recent letter warned Antonelli — and are irritated out of their judgments by the loss of the Temporal Power. They hoped that the Hohenzollerns, now at the head of the world, would in the interest of legitimacy undo the work of the Revolution, and if needful by armed intervention restore the Papal dominion, at least within the City of Rome. In return they would have accorded to the new Empire a support, or rather a sanction, which in Bavaria, Poland, Silesia, Rhenish Prussia, and above all Alsace and Lorraine, would have been of the highest value. When, however, the Hohenzollerns, who are Protestants by instinct as well as conviction, looked coldly on these overtures, the Vatican fell back on more natural allies, directed the faithful to join the Particularists, and organized in the Reichstag an opposition who directed their whole power to dissolve the newly knit bonds which make a Protestant House supreme in Germany. It was openly announced in Parliament that henceforward the Catholic Church in Germany was hostile to the Empire. Moreover, a threat was held out that if the Secular Arm began to oppress or refused to assist the Church, the Church would have nothing left binding her to the Sovereigns, and would be apt to believe that democracy in its extreme forms was more acceptable to Heaven, or rather allowed more scope for the free working of His vicegerent. The Church which sent forth the Monastic Orders understands the idea of the Commune somewhat better than its promoters, nor can a theocracy ever be injured by the removal of all powers between itself and the people. This is clearly the meaning of the declaration made by Dr. Ketteler, Archbishop of Mayence, that the Patriarchy must be restored or the Thrones of Europe would perish, and this is the interpretation placed by Prince Bismarck himself upon the spirit of violence recently displayed by the Polish workmen in Silesia. Instead, however, of temporizing and conciliating as, according to the *Cologne Gazette*, he was at first expected to do, the Chancellor rebelled, and by a most

daring stroke endeavoured to carry the war into the enemy's kingdom.

It is of exceedingly little use, as far as the influence of the Papacy is concerned, to fight it with material weapons. Rome resents deprivations of property or power with a bitterness which, though not opposed to her theory, is somewhat beneath her dignity as a Church certain always of supernatural support, but no such deprivation has ever affected her intellectual or spiritual influence. She is stronger in Ireland, where she has not a rood, than in Hungary, where her Primate still overtops Princes; in Spain, where her estates have been sold by auction, than in Austria, where she is still mistress of magnificent revenues. If she could but win over the people, a very few years of management by a priesthood which never dies, never wastes, and never makes a pecuniary blunder, would very soon replenish her treasuries; and, to do her more justice than most Protestants will, it is not for wealth, except as an instrument, that she fights. To wound her effectually it is necessary to wound her spiritually, and it is this, unless we misread his decrees, that Prince Bismarck, with characteristic boldness, is attempting to do. Of course, he cannot excommunicate her, or preach new dogmas, or set up a new Church; but he can make schism easy, can try if there be not strength enough in the "Orthodox Catholics," as they call themselves, that is the opponents of Infallibility, to set up a separate and, so to speak—though the words involve an absurdity—a Teuton-Catholic Church. He has therefore, as a first blow declared in Parliament and in his official-gazettes that he regards the Ultramontane Church as hostile to the State, has broken off all relation with it "not purely political," and has dissolved the Catholic Department of the Ministry of Public Worship. The effect of this decree, which in another country might be small, is in Prussia to deprive Catholicism of any place in the great bureaucracy, to leave it without official defenders, to reduce it to the level of a dissident sect, and to place its affairs, so far as they are considered at all, under the control of a Protestant. This is the view taken of the order by the whole Ultramontane press, and it has been followed up by a letter from the Minister of Public Worship, Herr Muller, to Dr. Kremen, Bishop of Ermland, in which he is understood by Catholics to declare that the State will still treat as Catholics any person inhibited for rejecting the Infallibility

dogma, will decline in the case of all whom it pays to enforce even disciplinary punishment, will even—as has since happened, in the case of Father Kraminski, excommunicated by the Bishop Breslau—restore a dissident to the possession of his cure. Moreover, Prince Bismarck is actively supporting Dr. Döllinger in Munich, where the Doctor, though excommunicated and, indeed, at the head of a schism, has just been elected Rector of the University by the votes of 54 Professors to 6, and where it is still doubtful whether Count Bray will not be upset by the Liberal Prince Hohenlöhe. Clearly the idea at the bottom of all these acts, the only one by which we can explain this otherwise needless readiness to arouse powerful foes, is that the mighty Chancellor hopes by withdrawing all State pressure in favour of the Ultramontane cause to see a separatist Catholic Church spring up in Germany into vigorous life.

It is very difficult, indeed impossible, for an outside observer to decide impartially as to the chances of Prince Bismarck's success in this immense attempt to act in a region which one would have supposed to be beyond the sphere of his genius, but it is possible to describe the forces working for and against him. In the first place, unless the Church should resolve on the desperate step of an alliance with the democracy, which, though not impossible, is unlikely, physical force is altogether on the Chancellor's side. The Hohenzollerns throughout their history have never yet lost a battle with Rome, and though recent changes diminish, they have not seriously impaired their strength. The Catholics in Germany are not more than a third in number of the Protestants, and even of the former probably not one per cent. could at present be seduced to disloyalty by any pressure whatever, whether it affected this life or that which is to come. Then there can be no doubt, again, that separation has received a certain impulse from the events of the war; that the German Catholic frets, as the English Catholic once fretted, under the sway of a power controlled, inspired, and guided mainly by the Italian brain. A desire for the unity and independence of Germany in all things may very well be prevalent among her people, even Catholics, who never entirely escape the influence of an atmosphere of free thought. That the curious class of learned men, part professors, part divines, part functionaries of the State, which teaches Catholicism in the Universities is prepared or half prepared

for schism may be taken to be proved by the Munich example, and is admitted by impartial authorities like Mr. Dalgairns, and their authority is necessarily very great. But on the other hand, the Episcopate is as yet unanimously with Rome, and the Episcopate in a Catholic Church of any sort is a necessity; the secular clergy are with her, it is believed, in the proportion of eighteen to one, though this is not so certain; and there is no proof in the hands of foreigners of the opinions of the masses of the laity. The educated cannot build a church by themselves which shall be more than a sect, and we see no reason why a Polish or Bavarian peasant, should be greatly moved by the formal proclamation of a dogma which he has always implicitly acknowledged, which his priest approves, and which is only condemned by a government he does not accept with all his heart. Of course, if the Wittelsbachs also con-

demn it, that will make a difference to the Bavarian; but there is a solid impenetrable mass of convinced Catholicism down there which it will be hard, we should say impossible, to move from the ancient ways. Prince Bismarck knows his people, and may be assured of support as yet unseen, and very fierce religious differences have not prevented German unity; but if he fails he will have run an immense risk, that of introducing into his new Empire the element of religious hostility, of creating in Parliament, in Poland, in Bavaria, in all the Latin Courts of Europe, a party which cannot help desiring ill to his great structure. The State of late years has won many battles with the Church, but if it forces the Church, as in Spain, Poland, Scotland rural Belgium, Ireland, and Naples, to identify itself with the democracy, victory will have been purchased, from the Bismarck point of view, at a tremendous price.

A LETTER from Tashkend, dated the 21st of May, in the *Exchange Gazette* of St. Petersburg, says that serious disturbances have occurred in Khokand. The son and heir of the Khan has openly rebelled against his father, and it is said that he has collected a large number of partisans who are dissatisfied with the Khan's hesitating policy. A sanguinary conflict has already taken place between these malcontents and the Khan's troops, in which the former appear to have been victorious, and it is even reported, though the report is disbelieved at Tashkend, that the Khan has fled to the Russian frontier. The cause of the conflict is said to have been a demonstration made in favour of the Khan's son at a banquet given in the palace. On this occasion several boys openly expressed their opinion that he should accept the throne at their hands without waiting for the old Khan's death, and the latter revenged himself by ordering some of his son's teeth to be pulled out. The insurrection which followed has caused great anxiety to the Russian merchants at Tashkend, between which place and Khokand there exists a considerable trade. Khokand is the only khanate in Central Asia where Russian merchants buy and sell goods personally; in the other States they are obliged to be represented by native agents, who frequently cheat them of their profits, in which case they have no redress, as the Mohammedans will not accept the testimony of persons of other creeds. The commercial facilities given by the Government of Khokand attracted a great number of Russian traders, who opened shops in the capital, and even established some

naptha works in its neighbourhood. It is feared that if the rebels should get the upper hand, the Russians will be expelled from the capital, as the concessions made to Russia by the Khan constitute one of their grievances against the Government. Pall Mall.

ASCENT OF SAP IN THE PINES.—A curious fact is pointed out by a writer in one of the American journals. He says, that some years ago his gardener pointed out to him some Austrian and Scotch pines, which had been completely girdled by mice, but still continued to grow as if no such injury had been received. In order to test this matter, he took an Austrian pine about five feet high, and girdled it for a space of two inches, at about three feet from the ground. This was five years ago, and the upper portion is still alive. The tree attracts much attention from visitors to his grounds. When girdled, the branch was about one and a half inch in diameter. The whole portion of stem between the tier of branches above, and that below, — a space of about fifteen inches — has since remained of that size, and is dry and hard as a "pine knot." The parts above and below this dead space increase annually in girth. The upper portion is now about nine inches in circumference. There are branches above and below the girdled portion; the lower ones growing much the stronger. The upper portion makes only two or three inches of growth a year, and the "needles" are of a brighter green than the lower.